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THE
UNION MAGAZINE,
OF
LITERATURE AND ART.

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—The July number of this favorite Magazine is the first number of the 3d Vol., and a very good time to subscribe for it, for it opens with the first of a series of letters, written by Mrs. Kirkland from Europe, under the title of "Sight Seeing in Europe." We know of nobody, whose eyes we would sooner trust in selecting out the points worth seeing in a course of foreign travel than those of the accomplished author of "A New Home." Mrs. Kirkland's first sight of Europe takes place in the Irish channel, Liverpool—and some of the interesting objects in its vicinity. The engravings in this number of the Union, are all from the designs of Mr. Matteson, the first a beautiful mezzotint, by Doney, called the "Power of Innocence;" the second a line engraving, by Mr. Osborne, representing a well known incident in the history of General Putnam. The Fashion Plate is well engraved and neatly colored; doubtless it is strictly correct, but we cannot speak with authority upon the subject. There are also nine vignette wood cuts by Loomis and Childs. The list of contributors includes some of the best magazine writers of the day; among them are Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. C. H. Butler, Mrs. Dana, Mrs. Whitman, Miss Gould, Miss Anne C. Lynch, and Miss Augusta Browne, who contributes a piece of music; George H. Curtis, J. Bayard Taylor, Park Benjamin, Herman S. Saroni, H. B. Hirst, and Francis C. Woodworth, have characteristic and pleasant articles. The *Union* is an elegant magazine for the parlor book table, and a very suitable pocket companion for a steamboat or railroad traveller, or for those happy people who have the privilege of reposing under umbrageous trees in the country, this hot weather.—*Evening Mirror, New York.*

This is No. 1 of the third volume, and opens, if possible, with greater attractions than formerly. The number before us has thirty articles, in prose and poetry, designed to cater to the taste, and gratify the expectation of any one. It is embellished with numerous superb engravings, viz., The Triumph of "Innocence," "Putnam's Duel with the British Officer," a most exquisite plate of Fashion, and ten other engravings of great beauty. The typographical execution is inimitable, and

the whole merits of the magazine are such as to entitle it to an extensive support.—*Times and Journal, Williamsport, Md.*

We have been favored with the June number of that beautiful and interesting periodical, "*The Union Magazine*." It is embellished by two exquisite steel engravings—one, representing "*The Rescue*" of a young lady from drowning in the Lake; and the other, a young girl, "*The Guide*" of her aged, blind, and almost dying grandfather, to a place of shelter from a fearful winter-storm; also, a beautiful plate of the Fashions for the present month; and six exceedingly neat and spirited engravings on wood, illustrative of the literary matter. The principal contributors to the number before us, are—Miss Emma Wharton, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, H. T. Tuckerman, Horace Greeley, Walter Whitman, and the accomplished Editor, Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.—*Alton Telegraph and Dem. Review, Alton, Ill.*

UNION MAGAZINE.—Mrs. Kirkland's ever welcome monthly is on our table—being the first number of volume 3d. It is rich in reading and embellishments, and contains articles from some of our best American writers—among which is a gem of the editress, entitled "Sight-Seeing in Europe." Her contributors, while absent, are sought for with great interest.

The embellishments are, "The Triumph of Innocence," and "Putnam's Duel with the British Officer," both splendid engravings.—*Owego Advertiser, Owego, N. Y.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE for July is on our table, and is a most magnificent No., rich in all that constitutes a first-rate magazine. Two splendid engravings, the "Triumph of Innocence," a mezzotint, engraved by T. Doney, "Putnam's Duel," a line engraving, by M. Osborne, and a beautiful colored fashion plate, are alone worth the price of the book. This No. also contains nine wood engravings, and two pages of music, and 48 pages of original matter, from the pens of our first writers.—*Stamford Advocate, Stamford, Conn.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—The July number of this monthly periodical came to hand in due season; and, as usual, laden with the choicest pro—
(See third page cover.)



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Fashion for August

THE UNION MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1848.

SIGHT-SEEING IN EUROPE.

BY THE EDITOR.

APRIL 29.—The environs of Liverpool do not afford much variety of surface, but on the road southward, through Birkenhead to Chester by rail, we get glimpses of beautiful country on either side, and hills which might almost be called mountains in the distance. We were unable to see any of the peculiarities by which Birkenhead is distinguished as a place of residence for laboring people, the public improvements there having come to a present stand for want of the requisite funds. This stop is expected to be but temporary; and the plan of furnishing all the modern household conveniences to working men and their families is by no means relinquished, in spite of the present discouragement, which is ascribed to that perennial source of similar evils, a "pressure" in the money-market. As far as we were able to understand the matter, this is only a *low*-pressure difficulty, occasioning a slowness of movement, not a *high*-pressure one, which might threaten a burst-up. The spot occupied by the new city is the site of an ancient priory, of which beautiful ruins remain, but we were unable to examine them, being desirous of taking an early train for Chester.

The road is enlivened on either side by gentlemen's seats, but its true charm lies in the loveliness of the country at this Spring time. The trees are not yet in full leaf, but they have begun to put on their garments of beauty; and the grass will never be greener. We whisk by these things in the most unsatisfactory way by railroad, but glimpses were enough to assure us of the unspeakable richness of English landscape. When we stop at Chester, we seem to have plunged at once into some crypt, so subterranean do its dark streets appear after the *riant* freshness of the country

through which we have been passing. The streets are narrow, and without sidewalks—so narrow that the huge covered wagons, common in England, seem to threaten the windows on either hand. The whole appearance is quaint and singular, so different from anything we have ever seen, as to interest us exceedingly.

Eaton Hall, a famous show-place in the vicinity, is so much of a lion with all travellers, that we went to see it, as a matter of duty, though we were not without misgivings as to the real interest of the thing, as compared with old Chester. The drive was charming, and after entering the gates we continued on and on, through a mile or two of fields and scattered wood,—in general appearance not unlike an oak-opening in Michigan,—until we reached the Hall, when we were told that it was in a state of invisibility; not through the unlawful arts of the magician, but the mechanical arts of numerous workmen, whose scaffolding and hammers evinced that the Hall, which is decidedly of the jimcrack order of architecture, was undergoing repair. So we went a little further, and took a peep at the shrubberies, and at a handsome iron bridge over the river Dee, which flows through the grounds. Here, again, Nature's part of the sight was that which really interested and satisfied us. We saw several varieties of shrubbery new to us, the yew in particular, truly funereal in hue and shape. Our general conclusion as to the grounds about Eaton Hall was, that it was hardly worth while fencing in such a place in England very elegantly, as the whole face of the country is just about as well worth looking at or rambling in as this proud and much vaunted abode of the present generation of the noble house of Grosvenor.

We took rail at Chester for Birmingham, where we arrived in the evening, weary with pleasure. The "Hen and Chickens" took care of us for the night very satisfactorily, and we found ourselves tolerably rested when the time came to take the morning train for Coventry, which we did without giving more than a glance to the blackened walls of the great manufacturing town and its lurid furnace fires. The Lady Godiva's town looked as if she was even then passing through, or as if the brazen clang of noon had just sounded for the shutters to be opened, for only here and there could we observe any body wide awake. Particularly at the Craven Arms, where we tried to breakfast, was it difficult to convince the people that the sun had risen. We asked for a fire, and after some little time we got a smoke, which was our only assurance that there was some fire, according to the proverb. We were truly desirous of breakfast, and after some explanations and bell-pullings, and apologies, it came in by instalments; so that by the time we had eaten the bread we got the butter, and the coffee had not become entirely cold before a minute quantity of cream was furnished to soften it with. The maid-of-all-work who waited on us, (we returned the favor by waiting for her,) apologized, saying the servants had been at a ball until four in the morning; and we secretly concluded that her story must be true, for we were quite sure our table-cloth was the one which had served at their supper. But a Coventry breakfast is soon despatched, so we made our way to the railroad station in good time, scarcely waiting to admire the really pretty old town as we passed. It is wonderful, that a bad breakfast can so starve out one's romance; but all we shall remember of Coventry will be our many resolutions of never sending any of our friends there. A few minutes brought us to Kenilworth and the castle—a place to make one forget breakfast, dinner and supper. The drive from the town is quite circuitous, so that we are near the ruins long before we reach them. The country is lovely, and looked to us as fresh as if new from creation, so bright is the Spring verdure in this moist land. The castle is situated on elevated ground, surrounded by flats which were once covered with water, forming the lake described in the novel, where the water-pageants were presented on the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's visit. You enter by a square tower, having a turret at each corner, all in good repair and even habitable order, the windows glazed, and the gardens as trim as hedges and flower-beds can make them. A fine old archway bears the cipher of Robert of Leicester, and we gazed on this assurance of the identity of the spot with that which stands in one of the fairest portions of our whole realm of romance, with an indescribable interest. All the other marks of au-

thenticity were less pointed and satisfactory than this simple R. L., which seemed to bring the splendid earl bodily before us, in his habit as he wooed and won the lovely Amy. We found it somewhat difficult to conceive the original size of the edifice, when we were told that the tower by which we entered—large as an ordinary castle—was only one of four gateways to the castle in its glory. The main body of the ruins occupies three sides of a square, and the picturesqueness of the whole can scarcely be exaggerated. In this, as in other cases, we made the amende honorable to the artists who have endeavored to give us some idea of these remains. We find that they have erred rather in deficiency than in exaggeration. Certainly we had never seen a drawing that gave us an idea of the vast extent of Kenilworth Castle, or the beauty of its remains, clothed as they are with magnificent verdure. One or two of the turret stairs are still accessible; the mantels in the great hall are just as they were in the time of Elizabeth—the very bricks in the chimney, against which fires blazed to warm the chill stone walls even in summer, all are there. A recess with a bay-window is still known as Queen Elizabeth's dressing-room; and in it are marble seats which she doubtless used when she looked out, as we did, upon the splendid prospect that stretches for miles on that side. We do not love Queen Elizabeth's memory much, but we could not help feeling that the certainty of standing where she had stood was something, if only as giving a sort of tangible reality to the past, which is apt to be to us rather an abstraction. We left Kenilworth with regret, for it takes some little time to marshal one's recollections so as to make them available; but we had resolved to "do" Warwick Castle in the same day, and no time was to be lost. We took a fly, therefore, and it soon brought us to the famous old village and castle—the latter the only ancient baronial residence still kept up and inhabited in England. The distant view of the castle is exquisite, and when we knocked at the great gate we fully expected an ancient seneschal with his bunch of keys to usher us into the hall, where we should find a rough old baron, feasting with his knights—this latter part of our dream being doubtless ascribable to the fact, that a Coventry breakfast gives a prominent importance to the idea of dinner. But the gate was opened by a "little foot-page," who called an old powdered porter in black and scarlet out of the lodge; and we were by this worthy informed, with very little ceremony, that going into the castle was out of the question, for it was full of company, and could only be seen while the ladies and gentlemen were at breakfast, an hour which had long passed—doubtless far more satisfactorily to the visitors at Warwick Castle than to ourselves.

Our blood-royal rather rebelled at this ; we tried to make the stolid old porter understand that we had come across the ocean for the express purpose of seeing Warwick Castle ; and, moreover, that being sovereigns, we were quite sure the Earl would be delighted to see us. As well talk to the old gate-posts ; far better to the whispering trees and graceful vines that made the winding way before us so tempting ! The old wife toddled to the door, and seemed anxious to interpose a word in our favor, but her mouth was soon shut, by authority, and we had nothing to do but turn back, and content ourselves as we might with a vexed view of the castle from the bridge over the Wye. We cannot expect ever to see anything much more beautiful of its kind. We shall try again for a peep at the interior when we return, when we intend to sweep by the old Cerberus with great exultation.

Resolved to make the best amends we could to our disappointed curiosity, we took outside places on the Oxford coach, riding a perfect steeple-chase to Leamington, in order to be in time for it. It was a well-appointed carriage, one of the few of its race still extant in England, where rail-way travelling will soon supersede all other. The air was quite sharp enough to be pleasant, though the country was so well advanced in foliage. We took our seat at the back, where we were somewhat protected from the wind by piles of baggage on the roof. Thus we rode forty-five miles through the most charming part of England, on a clear, sun shiny afternoon, which tempted everybody out of doors. We passed village after village, looking as if they had been built with no other view than to look pretty ; roofs, windows, walls, gardens, arbors, all conspiring to show us something which we never could have seen without coming to the very spot. In one quaint old town was a fair, with its booths and flags, and Mr. Primrose chaffering about a horse in the midst. In all were thatched houses, with curious places jutting out and pared away in the eaves to leave a look-out for the prettiest little lattice windows—often hung with ivy or clematis. English landscape has a minutely-finished look ; it lacks grandeur ; its features are delicate, and the impression left is that of softness and gentle beauty. The grass grows to the very rim of the water, like carpet to a rich drawing-room, which must not betray an inch of unadorned floor. The fields are rolled to a perfect smoothness ; the hedges look as if they had no use but beauty ; the trees and multitudinous vines have a draperied air, and strike the eye rather as part of the charming whole, than as possessing an individual interest. We have seen woodlands in the far west that were far more gracefully majestic than any we have yet seen, out of the royal parks, in England,

but we have no such miles of cultured and close-fitted scenery. Nature with us throws on her clothes negligently, confident in beauty ; in England she has evidently looked in the glass until not a curl strays from its fillet, not a dimple is unschooled. She is *mise à quatre épingles*, as the French milliners say, but how lovely !

We reached Oxford between five and six ; and, when we were snugly ensconced at the Mitre Tavern, we felt that we were truly in the central heart of England—a heart whose pulsations are felt in every fibre, through the million ramifications of church and state. England's hereditary legislators are hardly deemed legitimate unless they have imbibed the conservative spirit of their order from Oxford, which is its fountain head ; for one of these to prefer Cambridge is almost to incur the suspicion of heresy and treason. The spirit of Oxford—of its very halls and cloisters, is directly opposite to the utilitarian tendencies of the day. Its august beauty is a testimony to the virtue of those who devote their worldly goods to the erection and perpetual endowment of edifices consecrated to religion and learning—edifices which are to consume and not to produce, forever. And this mute appeal of the spiritual against the material, is the glory of Oxford. Everything breathes it ; from silent, shadowy cloisters, and traceried windows, and airy pinnacles, immense libraries and museums, galleries of art, exquisite chapels, plate of gold, and sculpture far more precious ; to magnificent quadrangles and gardens, and the great area of Christ Church meadow, a pleasure-ground bounded by two rivers, and shaded by elms such as are hardly seen elsewhere. Provision for study and for the relaxation which study renders so necessary, is made on the same splendid scale ; while the business of the town seems a mere accident ; an enforced contribution to the more noble objects of the place ; a recognition of perishable humanity and its lower needs. The university has sixteen hundred members, the town some 25,000, yet the style is "the university and city of Oxford," the university taking precedence on all occasions. The chapel of Christ Church is the cathedral of the diocese, and into this the Bishop of Oxford is not permitted to enter in his robes on state occasions, but must come in by a side door—so jealously is the jurisdiction of the university guarded. Oxford seemed to us more an embodiment of England's ideal than royalty itself. It is grander than throne or sceptre, orb or sword of state ; it is as if the holy oil with which monarchs are consecrated had been poured out without measure upon these hallowed walls and bowers. The atmosphere is filled with reverence. The spirits of the noble dead seem hovering about this home of their living hope and trust ; the heart of the beholder swells with con-

scious awe as he recognises their presence. He thinks of the wondrous courts of the new Jerusalem, where those who lived for the soul's sake find habitations suited to their dignity; for if any earthly tabernacle can represent these, surely none so well as the sacred halls of Oxford. A monumental cross, seventy-three feet in height, in the style of the Eleanor crosses erected by Edward I., has lately been placed near the church of St. Mary Magdalen, in memory of the martyrs Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley, who suffered for the faith on a spot not far distant. It is of exquisite design and execution, and does not disgrace its position, which is high praise. The inscription, too, is of a holy simplicity, and those whose hearts have been touched and elevated by the contemplation of the thousand testimonies to the worth of Christianity with which the place abounds, cannot read without a deepened feeling the words with which it concludes—TO THEM IT WAS GIVEN NOT ONLY TO BELIEVE IN CHRIST, BUT TO SUFFER FOR HIS SAKE. The very spot where the sacrifice took place is now covered by Baliol College, but a black cross in the pavement opposite serves as a lasting index to it. God be thanked that no monarch of England can ever repeat the crime while these memorials endure!

We longed to give a month to Oxford, but the hour came for our departure, and we felt obliged to tear ourselves away, in order to be in London at the appointed time. In the railway carriage we were talking over our delight and wonder among ourselves, when a gentleman, who had seemed absorbed in a book, looked up and joined in the conversation, rectifying some mistaken conjecture or remark dropped by one of us as to the constitution or government of the University. We were glad to avail ourselves of information thus offered, and met our friend's advance with a frankness with which his own fully kept pace; so that before we separated we had gained much information respecting certain peculiarities in the University-government, and from an unquestionable source too, for our unknown fellow passenger proved to be a dignitary of one of the colleges;—a most kind and gentlemanly person.

It may not be impertinent here to advert to the common notion of the churlishness of the English, and to say that, without pretending to pass a general judgment upon so short a trial, we can hardly avoid the conclusion, from what we have already seen, that English people are at least as civil to strangers as ourselves; and really, unless we meet with something very different from our present experience, we shall be disposed to go still further, and say that we may take a lesson in this particular from our cousin of England. Everywhere we have found that the knowledge that we were Americans has secured for us what-

ever information and civility we required, and the grace and good humor with which these little services have been rendered, have appeared to us quite remarkable—perhaps because common fame had led us to anticipate something different. And at Liverpool we saw an instance of governmental politeness that astonished us not a little after what we had seen of the extreme rigor with which the custom house duties were exacted—a clergyman's somewhat voluminous luggage passed at once, without examination, as soon as his profession was named. Our poor dear stewardess would have been glad of a similar shield, for she was caught smuggling a very paltry lot of cigars and brandy, and thrown at once into jail, a place from which the united testimony in her favor of all the ladies in the cabin could do very little to rescue her. Our good captain did all he could for her, but there is no evading penalties in England, that is to say, without the payment of huge sums of money.

To return to our transit from Oxford to London. A huge old fellow, with a crimson face, and no very measured mode of expressing his thoughts, was among our fellow passengers, and we saw very plainly what we had never seen before,—that Mr. Dickens's drinking characters were not over-drawn. This worthy, a perfect model of old Weller, had a wicker-covered bottle of brandy in his carpet-bag, and the number of times he had recourse to his miserable comforter was perfectly astounding. He seemed accustomed to it, however, for he showed no appearance of drunkenness except a little more ill-humor, and a disposition to ban everything that interfered with his personal convenience. The way in which he bullied the conductor, and prevented the carriage from being filled with passengers, was amusing, especially as we shared the benefit. Impudence certainly tells better in England than in America.

We entered London by gas-light, but really as one can see but a street at a time, there is very little sensation about the matter, especially when one is weary with a hard day's journey. Thus much by way of forewarning to the reader, who will doubtless hear, as we did, of the impression made by entering London at night. We feel in duty bound to tell the truth, having determined to see with our own eyes as exclusively as possible, and we aver that entering London by night is very much like entering New-York at the same hour. It must not be concealed that our thoughts were running a good deal on tea and bed, and when we were once quietly seated in our excellent lodgings in Cavendish Square, the splendor of London gas very soon faded from our recollection. The house now occupied by Mr. W. Johnson, formerly of New-York, affords a very good specimen of the dwellings of the nobility of the past

age. It has been standing, perhaps, seventy years, yet the whole style is still striking and elegant. The amplitude of the halls and stairways, in particular, give an air of great magnificence, affording space for statuary, candelabra, and ornamental furniture, such as is usually reserved for the drawing-rooms of our American houses, where the hall and stairs too often seem like an afterthought. It is very lofty and perfectly convenient, and as an abiding place for travellers can hardly be surpassed, at least while it continues under the present excellent management. The position, at the west end of the town, contiguous to Regent-street and the new and elegant portion of London, and elevated full seventy feet above the level of the river, is unrivalled.

Any account of the regular lions of London must of course be superfluous here, for the guide books have unconscionably taken the wind out of the tourist's sails in all these matters. Yet it goes hard to pass Westminster Abbey without a word; and it seems odd that St. Paul's, which filled so large a place in our thoughts, should occupy none at all on our paper; that that dear old toy-shop, the Tower, should but occupy our staring eyes for an hour, and then go undistinguished into the lumber-room of memory. But it is not possible to conceive, without actual observation, how much these things are vulgarized and turned into mere shows, by the mode in which they are exhibited. Whole parties of incongruous people are huddled together, and an automaton of a guide, marching at their head, doles out his dismal lesson, in a voice to which an active saw-mill would be no unfit accompaniment. If you would linger awhile, in the faint hope of calling up and rendering available your long-stored reminiscences of departed worth and beauty, the grating voice summons you to proceed at once. You have got what you paid for, and you must not take an extra look at Mary of Scotland, or a pencil note of some curious inscription, unless you can defer your romance and your researches until leave can be obtained from the dean for the indulgence of these proscribed feelings. The taking of money at the door for a sight of this great national monument, the glory of England and the remembrance of her great ones, has been so often commented upon, that one can't help thinking of those who have authority in the case under the figure of the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears. Yet it would really be almost as respectable to set up one's mother for a paying show, because her memory was stored with the great things of the past. Considering the lavish expenditure of the government in other directions, there is an odious meanness about this, and we may hope yet to see it abandoned.

All of St. Paul's that is really worth seeing is free. The noble portions are the only ones that

the traveller of taste should see. The vast area of the nave, the heaven-hung dome, the inside view from the Whispering Gallery, and the outer view from the Golden Gallery, are all. Whoever ascends further breaks the impression, and belittles his permanent image of this vast structure. The monuments have a modern air, and poor Dr. Johnson looks particularly forlorn, with nothing on but a sheet, as if he had been called out of bed by the cry of fire. This matter of drapery for statues becomes a subject of incessant conjecture, as one walks through these monumental aisles. The wig and buckles of Dr. Johnson would not certainly be very classical, but he is not Dr. Johnson without them, and we desire nobody else as we stand near his grave. The equestrian statue of George III., which the wits say is

"a ridiculous thing,

All horse-tail and pig-tail and not an inch of king,"

is not a whit more ridiculous than the figure of Dr. Johnson in a costume, or non-costume, which would have been odious to him while living. If it was necessary to wind him in a sheet, he should have been represented as dead, and so unable to put himself in more proper trim for sitting to the artist.

At the Tower, the very things you would wish to see, are not open to the public. You are shown the armory, but not allowed time to examine particular articles which are really curious; you see a parcel of fine old seats with wax dolls in them cruelly set astride on wooden horses, and Queen Elizabeth, well-hung with glass beads, and looking at you out of glass eyes; and just as you are going out of a gallery where many minute things have been occupying your attention, you are told that here Sir Walter Raleigh took his exercise, during the long years during which he inhabited this gloomy abode; and in this dungeon on your left he slept—but you must hurry on, and go to see—what? The Crown Jewels. If you would thread the different courts of the Tower, seek out places of interest which abound within its precincts, pause to marshal your historical recollections, or venture a step out of sight of the stolid yeoman who goes before you fluttering like a maypole with his particolored ribbons—you are soon taught the difference between seeing the Tower and having it shown to you. The Tower, as a great historical fact, is not shown to you; some paltry adjuncts are all that you are allowed to visit. Surely there might be some arrangement by which travellers of decent standing and tolerable intelligence should be allowed to get a real knowledge of this structure, interesting by so many associations. At present the whole is a mere cockney show.

After the two great cathedrals, the Temple

Church is the best worth seeing of any in London. It is one of four round churches built in England by the Knights Templars, on their return from the Crusades, modelled on the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It has been restored within a few years, and is certainly one of the most beautiful and interesting monuments we have yet seen. Many Latin inscriptions done in red, and in ancient characters, adorn the walls; and antique delineations of the kings of England, during whose reigns the Templars reached the height of their power in England, are painted on the wall of the chancel. Various emblematic devices appear on the floors, the roof, the walls, repeated again and again; the winged horse of the Order, the red cross, the standard, half white, half black, called *Beau-Séant*; the double lion; and several mysterious birds and beasts, which we must leave to the heralds. The coloring is gorgeous, but not gaudy in effect; perhaps the exquisitely polished pillars of dark marble have the effect to chasten the whole. Some beautiful carving in oak adorns the chancel, but in general, the wood is plain. The altar, and the new-old windows, are glowing and appropriate; the arches rich in arabesques, quite in keeping with the oriental associations which hang about the Templars. But the precious things are the figures of the crusaders themselves; in the round part of the church, where are ten massive figures recumbent on the marble floor. In suits of mail, of different fashions of chain and plate armor; with helmets, but the visors unclasped; one with a great sword; another with his sword run through a lion's head; some with their legs crossed in token of a crusade actually accomplished, others in the usual position, betokening that, however good the intention, it was never carried into effect;—these figures all of solid metal or marble, have a majesty which fills the imagination. The faces, depicted in the death-

calm, are dignified as death always is; and their character is so various, that one studies them in full confidence that they are true portraits of the mighty men of war of the twelfth century. The Knights Hospitallars of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, had possession when the Templars were dissolved, until they in their turn were disbanded by Henry VIII.; but we could discover no particular traces of their residence. We attended service, in this church, with the particular object of hearing the fine chanting by the choir. The organ is not a remarkably good one, but it was well played, and the singing was delicious. We observed a number of young boys among the white surpliced singers, but we could scarcely believe that some sweet strains which now and then relieved the more manly chant, were not from female lips. We are told, however, that there are no female singers. Much of the service was chanted, and the frequent responds of a musical "A-men" to the spoken prayers, was most sweet. The sermon might better have been chanted too, for it was delivered in so low a tone that the congregation below the middle of the choir, which is the part used for worship, could not catch half the leading words. To some of those who did hear, it was a little amusing to listen just at this crisis, to a sermon recommending implicit, "contented" obedience to "the powers that be," hardly allowing the possibility of a rightful resistance; and citing the "dreadful example of France" as a warning against any attempt to produce changes in government. The duties of rulers were touched upon, but with great briefness and caution; whilst the crime of dissatisfaction was drest in the most odious colors. The good old gentleman who preached to the Templars will certainly, like the vicar of Bray, hold his place, whatever king may reign.

TO THE MOON.

BY J. CLEMENT.

How many an eye is fixed on thee,
At this so still and peaceful hour!
How many a heart, unknown to me,
Now feels thy tranquillizing power!

And who can happier be than I,
In all thy broad and bright domain,
With *her*, the gentle spirit nigh,
Whose voice is sweet as heaven's refrain?

Our vows were plighted long ago,
In thine own pure and holy light,

And years of wedded love but show
Their sacredness and truth to-night.

Fair orb, so closely linked with all
That gives the sweetest ties to life,
I bless thee for thy sacred thrall,
So like the blessed charm of wife.

O may our lives, in coming years,
Unlike thyself, refuse to wane,
But, shining in "this vale of tears,"
Like thee to-night, full-orb'd remain!



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Engraved by H. S. Sadd.

Painted by T. H. Matteson.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY,

(See the Engraving.)

“A Tale of Forests and Enchantments Dread.”

Il Penseroso.

BY MRS. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN AND ANNA MARSH POWER.

Sister, 'tis the noon of night—
Let us, in the web of thought,
Weave the threads of ancient song,
From the realms of Fairies brought.

Thou shalt stain the dusky warp
In night-shade wet with twilight dew,
I, with streaks of morning gold,
Will strike the fabric through and through.

WHERE a lone castle by the sea,
Upreared its dark and mouldering pile,
Far seen, with all its frowning towers,
For many and many a weary mile;

The wild waves beat the castle walls,
And bathed the rock with ceaseless showers,
The winds roared fiercely round the pile,
And moaned along its mouldering towers.

Within those wide and echoing halls,
To guard her from a fatal spell,
A maid of noble lineage born
Was doomed in solitude to dwell.

Five fairies graced the infant's birth
With fame and beauty, wealth and power;
The sixth, by one fell stroke, reversed
The lavish splendors of her dower.

Whene'er the orphan's lily hand
A spindle's shining point should pierce,
She swore upon her magic wand,
The maid should sleep a hundred years.

The wild waves beat the castle wall
And bathed the rock with ceaseless showers;
Dark heaving billows plunge and fall
In whitening foam beneath the towers

There, rocked by winds and lulled by waves,
In youthful grace the maiden grew,
And from her solitary dreams
A sweet and pensive pleasure drew.

Yet often, from her lattice high,
She gazed athwart the gathering night,
To mark the sea-gulls wheeling by,
And longed to follow in their flight.

One winter night, beside the hearth
She sat and watched the smouldering fire,
While now the tempests seemed to lull,
And now the winds rose high and higher—

Strange sounds are heard along the wall,
Dim faces glimmer through the gloom—
And still mysterious voices call,
And shadows flit from room to room—

'Till, bending o'er the dying brands,
She chanced a sudden gleam to see;
She turned the sparkling embers o'er,
And lo! she finds a golden key!

Lured on, as by an unseen hand,
She roamed the castle o'er and o'er—
Through many a darkling chamber sped,
And many a dusky corridor:

And still, through unknown winding ways
She wandered on for many an hour,
For gallery still to gallery leads,
And tower succeeds to tower.

Of, wearied with the steep ascent,
She lingered on her lonely way,
And paused beside the pictured walls,
Their countless wonders to survey.

At length, upon a narrow stair
That wound within a turret high,
She saw a little low-browed door,
And turned, her golden key to try:

Slowly, beneath her trembling hand,
The bolts recede, and, backward flung,
With harsh recoil and sullen clang
The door upon its hinges swung.

There, in a little moonlit room,
 She sees a weird and withered crone,
 Who sat and spun amid the gloom,
 And turned her wheel with drowsy drone.

With mute amaze and wondering awe,
 A passing moment stood the maid,
 Then, entering at the narrow door,
 More near the mystic task surveyed.

She saw her twine the flaxen fleece,
 She saw her draw the flaxen thread,
 She viewed the spindle's shining point,
 And, pleased, the novel task surveyed.

A sudden longing seized her breast
 To twine the fleece, to turn the wheel,—
 She stretched her lily hand and pierced
 Her finger with the shining steel!

Slowly her heavy eyelids close,
 She feels a drowsy torpor creep
 From limb to limb, 'till every sense
 Is locked in an enchanted sleep.

A dreamless slumber, deep as night,
 In deathly trance her senses locked—
 At once through all its massive vaults
 And gloomy towers the castle rocked:

The beldame roused her from her lair,
 And raised on high a mournful wail,
 A shrilly scream that seemed to float
 A requiem on the dying gale.

And all around, on every side,
 Throughout the castle's precincts wide,
 In every bower and hall,
 All slept: the warder in the court,
 The figures on the arras wrought,
 The steed within his stall.

No more the watch-dog bayed the moon,
 The owlet ceased her boding tune,
 The raven on his tower,
 All hushed in slumber still and deep,
 Enthralled in an enchanted sleep,
 Await the appointed hour.

A pathless forest, wild and wide,
 Engirt the castle's inland side,
 And stretched for many a mile;
 So thick its deep impervious screen,
 The castle towers were dimly seen
 Above the mouldering pile.

So high the ancient cedars sprung,
 So far aloft their branches flung,
 So close the covert grew,

"A hundred years shall pass," she said,
 "Ere those blue eyes behold the morn,
 Ere these deserted halls and towers
 Shall echo to a bugle horn.

"A hundred Norland winters pass,
 While drenching rains and drifting snows
 Shall beat against the castle walls,
 Nor wake thee from thy long repose.

A hundred times the golden grain
 Shall wave beneath the harvest moon,
 Twelve hundred moons shall wax and wane
 Ere yet thine eyes behold the sun!"

She ceased: but still the mystic rhyme
 The long resounding aisles prolong,
 And all the castle's echoes chime
 In answering cadence to her song.

She bore the maiden to her bower,
 An ancient chamber wide and low,
 Where golden sconces from the wall,
 A faint and trembling lustre throw.

A silent chamber, far apart,
 Where strange and antique arras hung,
 That waved along the mouldering walls,
 And in the gusty night wind swung.

She laid her on her ivory bed,
 And gently smoothed each snowy limb,
 Then drew the curtain's dusky fold
 To make the entering daylight dim.

Part II.

No foot its silence could invade,
 No eye could pierce its depths of shade,
 Or see the welkin through,

Yet oft, as from some distant mound
 The traveller cast his eyes around,
 O'er wold and woodland gray,
 He saw, athwart the glimmering light
 Of moonbeams, on a misty night,
 A castle far away.

A hundred Norland winters passed,
 While drenching rains and drifting snows
 Beat loud against the castle walls,
 Nor broke the maiden's long repose.

A hundred times on vale and hill
 The reapers bound the golden corn,—
 And now the ancient halls and towers
 Re-echo to a bugle horn!

A warrior from a distant land,
 With helm and hauberk, spear and brand,
 And high, untarnished crest,

By visions of enchantment led,
Hath vowed, before the morning's red,
To break her charmed rest.

From torrid climes beyond the main
He comes the costly prize to gain,
O'er deserts waste and wide.
No dangers daunt, no toils can tire,
With throbbing heart and soul on fire
He seeks his sleeping bride.

He gains the old, enchanted wood,
Where never mortal footsteps trod,
He pierced its tangled gloom;
A chillness loads the lurid air,
Where baleful swamp-fires gleam and glare,
His path-way to illume.

Well might the warrior's courage fail,
Well might his lofty spirit quail,
On that enchanted ground—
No open foe-man meets him there,
But, borne upon the murky air,
Strange horror broods around!

At every turn his footsteps sank
'Mid tangled boughs and mosses dank,
For long and weary hours;
Till issuing from the dangerous wood,
The castle full before him stood,
With all its flanking towers!

The moon a paly lustre sheds,
Resolved, the grass-grown court he treads,
The gloomy portal gained—
He crossed the threshold's magic bound,
He paced the hall, where all around
A deathly silence reigned.

No fears his venturous course could stay—
Darkling he groped his dreary way—
Up the wide stair-case sprang.
It echoed to his mailed heel;
With clang of arms and clash of steel
The silent chambers rang.

He sees a glimmering taper gleam
Far off, with faint and trembling beam,
Athwart the midnight gloom;
Then first he felt the touch of fear,
As with slow footsteps drawing near,
He gained the lighted room.

And now the waning moon was low,
The perfumed tapers faintly glow,
And, by their dying gleam,
He raised the curtain's dusky fold,
And lo! his charmed eyes behold
The lady of his dream!

As violets peep from wintry snows,
Slowly her heavy lids unclosed
And gently heaves her breast;
But all unconscious was her gaze,
Her eye with listless languor strays
From brand to plummy crest:

A rising blush begins to dawn
Like that which steals at early morn
Across the eastern sky;
And slowly, as the morning broke,
The maiden from her trance awoke
Beneath his ardent eye!

As the first kindling sunbeams threw
Their level light athwart the dew,
And tipped the hills with flame,
The silent forest boughs were stirred
With music, as from bee and bird
A mingling murmur came.

From out its depths of tangled gloom
There came a breath of dewy bloom,
And from the valleys dim
A cloud of fragrant incense stole,
As if each violet breathed its soul
Into that floral hymn.

Loud neighed the steed within his stall,
The cock crowed on the castle wall,
The warder wound his horn;
The linnet sang in leafy bower,
The swallows, twittering from the tower,
Salute the rosy morn.

But fresher than the rosy morn,
And blither than the bugle horn,
The maiden's heart doth prove,
Who, as her beaming eyes awake,
Beholds a double morning break,
The dawn of light and love!





LEGENDS AND FAIRY TALES

OF MANY NATIONS.

Selected, Newly-told, and Translated.

BY C. B. BURKHARDT.

No. I.

ASLOG AND ORM, OR THE GIANTS' AND DWARFS' FEAST.

A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

IN Norway, not far from the famous city of Drontheim, there lived once upon a time, a great and noble man, who seemed blessed with every earthly luxury. A great part of the country around belonged to him; numerous herds grazed upon his meadows; rich fields and forests surrounded his mansions, and a large number of servants was in constant attendance to his call. He had an only daughter, called *Aslog*, the celebrity of whose beauty had spread far and near. The first young nobles of the land sought her hand, but all in vain; and those who had come, full of hope and expectation, returned from their visits in sadness and silence.

The father, who believed that his daughter only refused all these suitors to wait for a still greater and more exalted match, did not interfere, but was pleased at the prudence, and, as he believed, worldly wisdom of his daughter. But when at last the first of the nobles and the richest of the land had in vain wooed her, as all met refusals, the father became angry and said to her:

"Hitherto, I have given thee free choice; but since I now perceive that all, without distinction of rank, are rejected by thee, and that the very

best suitor in the land does not seem good enough, I must interfere. Shall my house and race die away with me, and my vast possessions fall into the hands of strangers? I will curb the obstinacy of thy temper. I give thee from this until Christmas time to choose; select a husband before then, or be prepared to receive him whom I shall select for thee."

Now *Aslog* loved a beauteous, brave and noble youth, called *Orm*. She loved him with her whole soul, and would rather die than give her hand to another. But *Orm* was poor, and his poverty compelled him to serve in the house of her father. Their love was kept a secret between the two, for her proud father would never have given his consent to her marriage with a serving-man.

When *Aslog* saw the frown upon her father's brow, and when she heard his cruel words, she turned pale as death, for well she knew his temper, and knew that he never failed to fulfil his threats. Without therefore replying a word, she retired to her solitary chamber, and bethought herself how she might escape the danger which so threateningly hung over her head. On the morning of the very day when her father uttered those

cruel words, she had been secretly married, by a hermit, who lived in a cave not far from her father's mansion, and who loved her as well as Orm, for the kindness and goodness of their dispositions.

Of this marriage she dared not tell her father, as he would certainly kill them both; meanwhile the blessed Christmas time drew nearer, and their fears and sorrows increased from day to day.

At last the lovers concluded to fly. "I know a safe asylum," said Orm, "where we can remain undiscovered until we find an opportunity to leave the country."

In the night, when all were asleep, the bold Orm conducted the trembling Aslog over snow and ice towards the mountains. The moon and the stars, which always shine brighter when the snow is upon the ground, were the only lights to guide them. They had taken a few clothes and skins with them, which was all they could carry. They wandered all night among the mountains, until they reached a solitary place, surrounded by rocks. Here Orm conducted the over-fatigued Aslog into a cave, the dark and narrow entrance to which was scarcely visible; but soon it widened to a great hall which led into the mountain. Orm here lighted a fire, by which they seated themselves, resting upon the rocks, and excluded from all the world besides.

Orm was the first who had ever discovered this cave, which to the present day bears his name, and is shown to the curious traveller; and since nobody else knew of its existence, the lovers were safe from persecution. Here they passed the entire winter. Orm used to follow the chase, whilst Aslog remained in the cave, kept up the fire and prepared their meals. Ofttimes she would ascend to the tops of the rocks, but, as far as her eye could reach, she could discover nothing but glimmering fields of ice and snow.

At last spring came; the forests became green, the meadows donned their variegated dresses, and now Aslog could but rarely and with the utmost caution emerge from the cave. One evening about this time, Orm returned home with the news that he had in the distance seen her father's people, and that he was certain of having been recognised by them, since they were hunters, and as sharp-sighted as himself. "They will surround this place," he continued, "and never rest until they have found us; we must therefore leave this, at once."

They consequently descended the other side of the mountain, and reached the seashore, where they luckily found a boat. They left the beach in this, and the boat drifted far into the open sea. Thus they had certainly escaped pursuit, but were now exposed to dangers of another kind; whither should they turn? They dared not venture land, for Aslog's father was master of the entire coast,

and they would be certain of falling into his hands. Nothing therefore remained for them, but to leave the boat to the tender mercies of wind and waves. And thus they passed the whole night. At day-break the coast had disappeared, and they saw nothing but sky and water. They had not brought a mouthful of provision with them, and soon hunger, but more than that, thirst began to torture them. Three days they passed in this state upon the wild waves, and the exhausted and weary Aslog expected every moment to be the last of her existence.

At last, at the end of the third day, they discovered an island of tolerably large size, which was surrounded by a multitude of smaller islands. Orm immediately steered towards it, but as he approached, there arose a terrible wind, and the waves rose higher and higher. He changed the course of his boat, in hopes to be able to land on another side, but he met with no better success; as often as his frail bark approached the shore, it seemed to be driven back by an invisible power.

"Merciful God!" he exclaimed, looking towards poor Aslog, who seemed just to be dying of exhaustion. Scarcely had that exclamation passed his lips, when the storm ceased, the waves became calm, and the boat landed without further trouble. Orm leaped ashore; a few shellfish, which he found on the beach, soon revived and strengthened the exhausted Aslog, so that she also could leave the boat.

The island was nearly all overgrown with low trees and bushes, and seemed uninhabited; but after they had walked on to about its centre, they discovered a house, which seemed to be built partly under and partly above the ground. In the hope of finding human assistance, they approached. For some time they listened, expecting to hear voices and a noise within, but nothing except the deepest silence prevailed. At last, Orm opened the door, and entered with his companion; how great was their astonishment, to find everything apparently prepared for inhabitants, whilst they could not discover a human being or even the trace of a footstep except their own, anywhere. The fire was burning brightly upon a hearth in the middle of the room, and over it hung a kettle of fish, evidently waiting for somebody to make a meal thereof. Beds stood ready made, to receive sleepers. For a long time, Orm and Aslog stood hesitating, and looked at the luxuries around them in fear and astonishment. At last hunger overcame them, and they took the meal prepared for them, and ate. After their hunger was appeased, and they could not yet see or hear any one far or near, they yielded to their fatigue, and laid down upon the beds, a luxury which they had not enjoyed in a long time.

They had expected to be awakened during the

night by the returning proprietor of the house, but they were mistaken. On the following day also, nobody came, and it seemed as if some invisible power had prepared the house for their reception. They passed a most pleasant summer at this house; true, they were alone, but they did not miss society much. The eggs of wild birds which they found, and the fish they caught, gave them plenty to live upon.

When Autumn arrived, Aslog bore a son. In the midst of their joy at his appearance, they were surprised by another strange visitor. The door opened very suddenly, and an old woman entered. She wore a beautiful sky-blue dress, and her whole demeanor seemed proud, but at the same time strange and unearthly.

"Don't be frightened," she said, "at my sudden appearance; I am the owner of this house, and thank you for having kept everything in good order, and so clean and tidy as I find it. I would gladly have come sooner, but could not come before the arrival of that little heathen there, (pointing to the boy,) now I have free access; but don't you go to call a priest from afar to baptize him, else I must away again. If you obey my wishes, you may not only remain here, but I will confer every favor you may wish, upon you. Whatever your hand touches will have success, and fortune will follow you whithersoever you go. If you break these conditions, depend upon it, that misfortune will follow you forever, and even upon your child will I avenge myself. If you need anything, or find yourselves in any danger, you have only to call thrice upon my name, and I will appear and come to your assistance. I am of the race of the ancient giants, and my name is *Guru*. Be careful never in my presence to mention the name of *Him*, whom no giant dares to know, and never make the sign of the cross, nor cut it into the wood-work of this house. You may live here all the year round, in quiet and comfort; on *Juels*-night alone, you will be so kind as to leave the house to me; when the sun is at its lowest, let me have possession. Then we celebrate our great festival, the only time when we are permitted to be merry. If you do n't like to leave the house on that evening, remain as quiet as possible all day and night in the garret, and as you love your lives, do n't attempt to peep into the room before midnight. After that hour, you may resume quiet possession."

After the old woman had spoken these words, she disappeared; and Aslog and Orm, now satisfied with their position, lived happy and contented, and without further interruption. Orm never cast his net upon the waters, without catching as many of the best fish as he desired, nor did he ever send an arrow from his bow, that did not reach its mark; in short, whatever he undertook, succeeded to admiration.

When Christmas came, they cleaned up the house in the best manner, put every thing in order, lighted a fire upon the hearth, and as evening approached, they ascended to the garret, where they kept quiet and very still. At last it became dark, and then it seemed as if they heard a rushing and rustling noise in the air, such as swans are apt to make in the winter season. There was a large opening on the side of the chimney, which could be opened or closed at pleasure to let the smoke escape, or the light in. Orm raised the lid of this, which was only covered with a skin, and put his head out; but what a strange spectacle was that he suddenly beheld. The small islands all around were illumined by numberless little blue lights, which were continually in motion, jumping up and down, then approached the shore, gathered in small parties, and came still nearer and nearer, towards the island where Orm and Aslog lived. At last they landed, and now all stood in a circle around a large stone, which was not far from the shore, and was well known to Orm. But how great was the astonishment of the latter, when he observed that the stone gradually assumed a human shape, though of gigantic size! Now he could also distinctly see that the little blue lights were carried by dwarfs, whose pale earth-colored faces with great noses and red eyes, also disfigured by large bird bills, and eyes like owls in some instances, rested upon fearfully-misshapen bodies; these dwarfs waddled, hopped, and walked about, seeming to be merry and sad at the same time.

Suddenly the circle opened, the little fellows gave way on all sides, and *Guru*, who now was as large as the stone, approached with giant strides. She embraced with both her arms the stone image, and immediately the rock had life and animation. At the first sign of this, the dwarfs all began a song, or rather a howl, amidst the strangest and most grotesque grimaces, so loud that the whole island resounded and seemed to tremble with it. Orm, frightened to death, drew his head back, and he and Aslog now remained in the dark, and kept so quiet that they scarcely breathed.

The dwarfs' procession now approached the house, as Orm could well notice, by the increasing and near noise. At last they had all entered; lightly and merrily now danced the dwarfs upon the benches and tables; heavy and solemn, amidst their merriment, resounded the steps of the giant. Orm and his wife now heard them set the table, heard the plates and dishes rattle, and knew by their songs and merriment, that they were celebrating their festival. After the meal was over, and midnight was near, they commenced that magic strain which confuses the soul and maddens the senses; the strain which some people have heard in the valleys of rocks, or have learned from unearthly musicians; to these strains all began to dance.

Soon as Aslog heard this music, she felt an irresistible desire to see the dance. Orm had not the power to restrain her. "Let me look," she said; "only let me look, or my heart will break." She took her child, and placed herself upon the farthest edge of the garret, where, without being seen, she could see all that passed below. Long, long she gazed, without averting her eyes, and watched the bold and wonderful capers of the little people, who seemed to be floating in the air, not touching the earth at all; whilst the enchanting fairy-music filled her whole soul. Meanwhile, the child in her arms became sleepy, and breathed very heavily. Without remembering the promise she had given to the old woman, she did, as is mother's custom, kiss her sleeping babe, and said, "May Christ help thee, my child."

Scarcely had these words passed her lips, when a fearful, stunning noise arose. The sprites rushed and tumbled head over heels, and falling over each other, from the house; the lights vanished, and in a few minutes the house was deserted by all its late visitors. Orm and Aslog, frightened to death, retreated to the farthest corner of the house; they dared not to move until day dawned; and only after the sun shone in through the hole in the roof, and shed its rays into the house, they gathered courage enough to descend.

The table was still laid, even as the ghosts had left it, and was laden with the most costly and wonderfully-worked silver plate. In the middle of the room, and on the floor, there stood a high copper-kettle, half filled with sweet mead, and, by the side of it, a drinking horn, of pure gold. In one corner lay a stringed-instrument, very large, and, in shape, somewhat like a cithern, which giantesses are said to play upon. In astonishment Orm and Aslog looked at everything, but were afraid to touch anything they saw; but how great was their fright and wonder, when, on looking round, they saw a gigantic figure, which Orm immediately recognised as the giant whom Guru had embraced, seated by the table. It was now again a cold, hard stone. Whilst they stared at this, Guru herself, now of gigantic size, entered the room. She wept so bitterly that her tears fell to the ground. It was a long time before she could utter a word, amidst her sobs: at last she said:—

"You have brought great sorrow upon me, and henceforth I must weep all my days; but since I know that whatever you have done you did with no evil intentions, I will forgive, though it would be easy for me to crush the house upon your heads as easy as I would crush an eggshell."

"Alas!" she exclaimed, weeping more bitterly than before, "there sits my husband, whom I loved more than myself, and he is forever turned into stone, and will never again open his eyes. For three centuries I lived with my father happy

and in innocence, upon the isle of Kumau, and was the fairest of all the giants' maidens. Mighty heroes wooed for my hand. The ocean which girdeth our island is filled with rocks, which those heroes threw upon each other in the battle for my hand. *Andfind* gained the victory, and I was betrothed to him. Before, however, our wedding was consummated, the fearful *Odiu* invaded our land, conquered my father, and drove us all from our island. My father and sisters fled to the mountains, and these eyes have never beheld them again. *Andfind* and myself took refuge in this island, where for a long time we lived in peace, hoping never to be disturbed again. But that destiny which rules over us, and which we cannot escape, willed it otherwise. *Oluf* came here from Britain. They called him a saint; and *Andfind* soon discovered that his arrival would be destructive to the race of giants.

"When we heard *Oluf*'s vessel rushing through the waves, my husband came to the sea-shore, and blew the waves with all his might against the vessel. The waves soon swelled to mountains. But *Oluf* was more powerful than he, and the ship steadily, and swiftly as an arrow, pursued its course. It came directly towards our island. When the vessel had come so near that *Andfind* thought his hands could reach it, he took the bow in his right hand, to drag it to the bottom of the sea, as he had often done before with other vessels. But *Oluf*—the fearful *Oluf*—walked towards the bow, and, crossing his hands, exclaimed in a loud voice: "Remain thou there a stone, nor walk again until the day of judgment!" and in an instant my unfortunate husband was turned into a rock. The ship sailed straightforward, and without interruption it ran against a mountain, which it cut in twain, and thus separated yonder small isle from this island.

"Since that day all happiness and fortune has left me. Alone and solitary have I passed my life. Only on the Juel-evenings giants who are turned to stone can regain their life, for the space of seven hours—but only if one of their own race will embrace them, and is ready to sacrifice a hundred years of his own life for those seven hours. It is but rarely that a giant will do that. I loved my husband too dearly not to recall him to life as often as it was in my power, even if the sacrifice had been much greater. I never kept account how often I had done this, that I might not know when the time would come that I must share his fate, and become like him at the very moment of embrace. But, alas! even this annual consolation is now gone. I never again can wake him by my embrace, since he heard you call out a name which I dare not pronounce; and never again will he see the light until the morning dawns upon the day of judgment.

"I now must leave you; and you will never again behold me. All that is in this house I present to you, except only that musical instrument, to the sounds of which I may sing of my woes. Let no one dare to visit any of those small surrounding islands; there the subterranean dwarfs whom you have seen at the feast abide; and I will protect them as long as I shall live."

At these words she disappeared. The following Spring Orm carried the golden horn and the silver vases and plates to Droutheim, where nobody knew him. The value of all these things was so great, that he was enabled to buy all the luxuries the richest people usually possess. He loaded a ship with his purchases and returned to

the island, where he lived many years in uninterrupted happiness. Aslog's father also soon became reconciled to his rich son-in-law.

The stone image remained in the house. No body of men was ever able to move it. The stone was so hard, that hammers and axes broke to pieces without even making a mark upon the rock. The giant remained stationary until a holy man came to the island, who, with a single word, brought him back to his old place, where he remained since. The copper-kettle, which had been used at the dwarfs' feast, has been preserved by the inhabitants of the island, which to the present day is called the Isle of House.

GROWING OLD.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

GROWING old! Growing old!
Heaven and all her starry fold:
Great Arcturus feebler grows,
Venus chants a dirge of snows;
Over all the dim-eyed space
Jove looks out with wrinkled face;
And the Sun with ghostly glare
Treads the chambers of the air;
And a voice is downward rolled—
"Growing old! Growing old!"

Earth is growing, growing old!
She is but a burial mould;
For the Dead no deeps are found—
Coffins cover all the ground.
See a Few with whispers meet
In a city's largest street;
And the ivy masses' shade
On the long dim colonnade;
And the houses crumble down
In the sad unpeopled town:
O! the very wind reclines
A-sobbing on the mossy shrines;
And a voice is downward rolled—
"Growing old! Growing old!"

Ocean's growing, growing old!
All his rosary is told—
Every bead an Age's sweep—
Poor old Pontiff of the Deep!
No more masses in the blast!
No more cowl'd clouds rustling past
No more anthems in the roar
Of billows calling on the shore
To utter adoration!—Lo!
The pallid tides like phantoms go:
And a voice is downward rolled—
"Growing old! Growing old!"

It is done! and Time is dead!
To the Immortal, Life is wed!
Where is now the starry host?
Is the Universe a ghost?
Lo! it stands with spectral eyes,
Brimful of Eternities!
God of Glory! God of Might!
God of Morning! God of Night!
All is swathed in whitest light!
Now I hear another voice—
"Souls! O, clayless souls, rejoice!
Never more shall ye be told—
"Growing old! Growing old!"

HOME AND POLITICS.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

At the bend of a pleasant winding road, under the shade of a large elm, stood a small school-house. It was a humble building; and the little belfry on the top seemed hardly large enough for the motions of the cow-bell suspended there. But it was a picturesque feature in the landscape. The elm drooped over it with uncommon gracefulness, and almost touched the belfry with its light foliage. The weather-beaten moss-grown shingles were a relief to the eye of the traveller, weary of prim staring white houses. Moreover, a human soul had inscribed on the little place a pastoral poem in vines and flowers. A white rose bush covered half one side, and carried its offering of blossoms up to the little bell. Cypress vines were trained to meet over the door, in a Gothic arch, surmounted by a Cross. On the western side the window was shaded with a profusion of Morning Glories; and a great rock, that jutted out into the road, was thickly strewn with Iceland Moss, which in the Spring-time covered it with a carpet of yellow stars.

It was at that season it was first seen by George Franklin, a young New-York lawyer, on a visit to the country. He walked slowly past, gazing at the noble elm slightly waving its young foliage to a gentle breeze. Just then, out poured a flock of children of various ages. Jumping and laughing, they joined hands and formed a circle round the elm. A clear voice was heard within the school-house, singing a lively tune, while measured strokes on some instrument of tin marked the time. The little band whirled round the tree, stepping to the music with the rude grace of childhood and joy. After ten or fifteen minutes of this healthy exercise, they stopped, apparently in obedience to some signal. Half of them held their hands aloft and formed arches for the other half to jump through. Then they described swift circles with their arms, and leaped high in the air. Having gone through their simple code of gymnastics, away they scampered, to seek pleasure after their own fashion, till summoned to their books again. Some of them bowed and courtesied to the traveller, as they passed; while others, with arms round each other's necks, went hopping along, first on one foot, then on the other, too busy to do more than nod and smile as they went by. Many of them wore patched garments, but

hands and faces were all clean. Some had a stolid, animal look; but even these seemed to sun their cold nature in the rays of beauty and freedom, which they found only at school. The whole scene impressed the young man very vividly. He asked himself why it could not be always thus, in the family, in the school, everywhere. Why need man forever be a blot on Nature? Why must he be coarse and squalid, and gross and heavy, while Nature is ever radiant with fresh beauty, and joyful with her overplus of life? Then came saddening thoughts how other influences of life, coarse parents, selfish employers, and the hard struggle for daily bread, would overshadow the genial influences of that pleasant school, which for a few months gilded the lives of those little ones.

When he repassed the spot some hours after, all was still, save the occasional twittering of birds in the tree. It was sunset, and a bright farewell gleam shone across the moss-carpet on the rock, and made the little flowers in the garden smile. When he returned to the city, the scene often rose before his mind as a lovely picture, and he longed for the artist's skill to re-produce it visibly in its rustic beauty. When he again visited the country after midsummer, he remembered the little old school-house, and one of his earliest excursions was a walk in that direction. A profusion of crimson stars, and white stars, now peeped out from the fringed foliage of the Cypress vines, and the little front yard was one bed of blossoms. He leaned over the gate and observed how neatly every plant was trained, as if some loving hand tended them carefully every day. He listened, but could hear no voices; and curiosity impelled him to see how the little building looked within. He lifted the latch, peeped in, and saw that the room was empty. The rude benches and the white-washed walls were perfectly clean. The windows were open on both sides, and the air was redolent with the balmy breath of mignonette. On the teacher's desk was a small vase, of Grecian pattern, containing a few flowers tastefully arranged. Some books lay beside it, and one had an ivory folder between the leaves, as if recently used. It was Bettine's Letters to G nderode; and, where it opened at the ivory folder, he read these lines, enclosed in pencil marks: "All that

I see done to children is unjust. Magnanimity, confidence, free-will, are not given to the nourishment of their souls. A slavish yoke is put upon them. The living impulse, full of buds, is not esteemed. No outlet will they give for Nature to reach the light. Rather must a net be woven, in which each mesh is a prejudice. Had not a child a world within, where could he take refuge from the deluge of folly that is poured over the budding meadow-carpet? Reverence have I before the destiny of each child, shut up in so sweet a bud. One feels reverence at touching a young bud, which the Spring is swelling."

The young man smiled with pleased surprise; for he had not expected to find appreciation of such sentiments in the teacher of a secluded country school. He took up a volume of Mary Howitt's *Birds and Flowers*, and saw the name of Alice White written in it. On all blank spaces were fastened delicate young fern leaves, and small bits of richly-tinted moss. He glanced at the low ceiling, and the rude benches. "This seems not the appropriate temple for such a spirit," thought he. "But, after all, what consequence is that, since such spirits find temples everywhere?" He took a pencil from his pocket, and marked in Bettine's Letters: "Thou hast feeling for the every-day life of nature. Dawn, noon-tide, and evening clouds are thy dear companions, with whom thou canst converse when no man is abroad with thee. Let me be thy scholar in simplicity."

He wrote his initials on the page. "Perhaps I shall never see this young teacher," thought he; "but it will be a little mystery in her unexciting life to conjecture what curious eye has been peeping into her books." Then he queried with himself, "How do I know she is a young teacher?"

He stood leaning against the window, looking on the beds of flowers, and the vine leaves brushed his hair, as the breeze played with them. They seemed to say that a young heart planted them. He remembered the clear, feminine voice he had heard humming the dancing-tune in the Spring time. He thought of the mosses and ferns in the book. "Oh, yes, she *must* be young and beautiful," thought he. "She cannot be otherwise than beautiful, with such tastes." He stood for some moments in half dreaming reverie. Then a broad smile went over his face. "He was making fun of himself. 'What consequence is it to me whether she be either beautiful or young?'" said he, inwardly. "I must be hungry for an adventure to indulge so much curiosity about a country school-mistress."

The smile was still on his face, when he heard a light step, and Alice White stood before him. She blushed to see a stranger in her little sanctuary, and he blushed at the awkwardness of his situation. He apologized by saying, that the

beauty of the little garden, and the tasteful arrangement of the vines, had attracted his attention, and, perceiving that the school-house was empty, he had taken the liberty to enter. She readily forgave the intrusion, and said she was glad if the humble little spot refreshed the eyes of those who passed by, for it had given her great pleasure to cultivate it. The young man was disappointed, for she was not at all like the picture his imagination had painted. But the tones of her voice were flexible, and there was something pleasing in her quiet but timid manner. Not knowing what to say, he bowed and took leave.

Several days after, when his rural visit was drawing to a close, he felt the need of a long walk, and a pleasant vision of the winding road and the little school-house rose before him. He did not even think of Alice White. He was ambitious, and had well nigh resolved never to marry, except to advance his fortunes. He admitted to himself that grace and beauty might easily bewitch him, and turn him from his prudent purpose. But the poor country teacher was not beautiful, either in face or figure. He had no thought of her. But to vary his route somewhat, he passed through the woods, and there he found her gathering mosses by a little brook. She recognised him, and he stopped to help her gather mosses. Thus it happened that they fell into discourse together; and the more he listened, the more he was surprised to find so rare a jewel in so plain a setting. Her thoughts were so fresh, and were so simply said! And now he noticed a deep expression in her eye, imparting a more elevated beauty than is ever derived from form or color. He could not define it to himself, still less to others; but she charmed him. He lingered by her side, and when they parted at the school-house gate, he was half in hopes she would invite him to enter. "I expect to visit this town again in the Autumn," he said. "May I hope to find you at the little school-house?"

She did not say whether *he* might hope to find her there; but she answered with a smile, "I am always here. I have adopted it for my home, and tried to make it a pleasant one, since I have no other."

All the way home his thoughts were occupied with her; and the memory of her simple, pleasant ways, often recurred to him amid the noises of the city. He would easily have forgotten her in that stage of their acquaintance, had any beautiful heiress happened to cross his path; for though his nature was kindly, and had a touch of romance, ambition was the predominant trait in his character. But it chanced that no woman attracted him very powerfully, before he again found himself on the winding road where stood the picturesque little school-house. Then came frequent walks and

confidential interviews, which revealed more loveliness of mind and character than he had previously supposed. Alice was one of those peculiar persons whose history sets at nought all theories. Her parents had been illiterate, and coarse in manners, but she was gentle and refined. They were utterly devoid of imagination, and she saw everything in the sunshine of poetry. "Who is the child like? Where did she get her queer notions?" were questions they could never answer. They died when she was fourteen; and she, unaided and unadvised, went into a factory to earn money to educate herself. Alternately at the factory and at school, she passed four years. Thanks to her notable mother, she was quick and skilful with her needle, and knew wonderfully well how to make the most of small means. She travelled along unnoticed through the by-paths of life, rejoicing in birds and flowers and little children, and finding sufficient stimulus to constant industry in the love of serving others, and the prospect of now and then a pretty vase, or some agreeable book. First, affectionate communion, then beauty and order, were the great attractions to her soul. Hence, she longed inexpressibly for a home, and was always striving to realize her ideal in such humble imitations as the little school-house. The family where she boarded often disputed with each other, and, being of rude natures, not all Alice's unassuming and obliging ways could quite atone to them for her native superiority. In the solitude of the little school-house she sought refuge from things that wounded her. There she spent most of the hours of her life, and found peace on the bosom of nature. Poor, and without personal beauty, she never dreamed that domestic love, at all resembling the pattern in her own mind, was a blessing she could ever realize. Scarcely had the surface of her heart been tremulous with even a passing excitement on the subject, till the day she gathered mosses in the wood with George Franklin. When he looked into her eyes, to ascertain what their depth expressed, she was troubled by the earnestness of his glance. Habitually humble, she did not venture to indulge the idea that she could ever be beloved by him. But when she thought of his promised visit in Autumn, fair visions sometimes floated before her, of how pleasant life would be in a tasteful little home, with an intelligent companion. Always it was a *little* home. None of her ideas partook of grandeur. She was a pastoral poet, not an epic.

George did come, and they had many pleasant walks in beautiful October, and crowned each other with garlands of bright autumnal leaves. Their parting betrayed mutual affection; and soon after George wrote to her thus: "I frankly acknowledge to you that I am ambitious, and had

fully resolved never to marry a poor girl. But I love you so well, I have no choice left. And now, in the beautiful light that dawns upon me, I see how mean and selfish was that resolution, and how impolitic withal. For is it not happiness we all seek? And how happy it will make me to fulfil your long-cherished dream of a tasteful home! I cannot help receiving from you more than I can give; for your nature is richer than mine. But I believe, dearest, it is always more blessed to give than to receive; and when two think so of each other, what more need of heaven?

"I am no flatterer, and I tell you frankly I was disappointed when I first saw you. Unconsciously to myself, I had fallen in love with your soul. The transcript of it which I saw in the vines and the flowers attracted me first; then a revelation of it from the marked book, the mosses and the ferns. I imagined you *must* be beautiful; and when I saw you were not, I did not suppose I should ever think of you more. But when I heard you talk, your soul attracted me irresistibly again, and I wondered I ever thought you otherwise than beautiful. Rarely is a beautiful soul shrined within a beautiful body. But loveliness of soul has one great advantage over its frail envelop, it need not decrease with time, but ought rather to increase.

"Of one thing rest assured, dear Alice, it is now impossible for me ever to love another as I love you."

When she read this letter, it seemed to her as if she were in a delightful dream. Was it indeed possible that the love of an intelligent, cultivated soul, was offered to her, the poor unfriended one? How marvellous it seemed, that when she was least expecting such a blossom from Paradise, a stranger came and laid it in the open book upon her desk, in that little school-house, where she had toiled with patient humility through so many weary hours! She kissed the dear letter again and again; she kissed the initials he had written in the book before he had seen her. She knelt down, and, weeping, thanked God that the great hunger of her heart for a happy home was now to be satisfied. But when she re-read the letter in calmer mood, the uprightness of her nature made her shrink from the proffered bliss. He said he was ambitious. Would he not repent marrying a poor girl, without beauty, and without social influence of any kind? Might he not find her soul far less lovely than he deemed it? Under the influence of these fears, she answered him: "How happy your precious letter made me, I dare not say. My heart is like a garden when the morning sun shines on it, after a long cold storm. Ever since the day we gathered mosses in the wood, you have seemed so like the fairest dreams of my life, that I could not help loving you, though

I had no hope of being beloved in return. Even now I fear that you are acting under a temporary delusion, and that hereafter you may repent your choice. Wait long, and observe my faults. I will try not to conceal any of them from you. Seek the society of other women. You will find so many superior to me, in all respects. Do not fear to give me pain by any change in your feelings. I love you with that disinterested love which would rejoice in your best happiness, though it should lead you away from me."

This letter did not lower his estimate of the beauty of her soul. He complied with her request to cultivate the acquaintance of other women. He saw many more beautiful, more graceful, more accomplished, and of higher intellectual cultivation; but none of them seemed so charmingly simple and true as Alice White. "Do not talk to me any more about a change in my feelings," he said, "I like your principles, I like your disposition, I like your thoughts, I like your ways; and I always *shall* like them." Thus assured, Alice joyfully dismissed her fears, and became his wife.

Rich beyond comparison is a man who is loved by an intelligent woman, so full of home-affections! Especially if she has learned humility, and gained strength, in the school of early hardship and privation. But it is only beautiful souls who learn such lessons in adversity. In lower natures it engenders discontent and envy, which change to pride and extravagance in the hour of prosperity. Alice had always been made happy by the simplest means; and now, though her husband's income was a moderate one, her intuitive taste and capable fingers made his home a little bower of beauty. She seemed happy as a bird in her cozy nest; and so grateful, that George said, half in jest, half in earnest, he believed women loved their husbands as the only means society left them of procuring homes over which to preside. There was some truth in the remark; but it pained her sensitive and affectionate nature, because it intruded upon her the idea of selfishness mingled with her love. Thenceforth, she said less about the external blessings of a home; but in her inmost soul she enjoyed it, like an earthly heaven. And George seemed to enjoy it almost as much as herself. Again and again he said he had never dreamed domestic companionship was so rich a blessing. His wife, though far less educated than himself, had a nature capable of the highest cultivation. She was always an intelligent listener; and her quick intuitions often understood far more than he had expressed or thought. Poor as she was, she had brought better furniture for his home than mahogany chairs and marble tables.

Smoothly glided a year away, when a little daughter came into the domestic circle, like a flower brought by angels. George had often

laughed at the credulous fondness of other parents, but he really thought his child was the most beautiful one he had ever seen. In the countenance and movements he discovered all manner of rare gifts. He was sure she had an eye for color, an eye for form, and an ear for music. She had her mother's deep eye, and would surely inherit her quick perceptions, her loving heart, and her earnestness of thought. His whole soul seemed bound up in her existence. Scarcely the mother herself was more devoted to all her infant wants and pleasures. Thus happy were they, with their simple treasures of love and thought, when in evil hour a disturbing influence crossed their threshold. It came in the form of political excitement; that pestilence which is forever racing through our land, seeking whom it may devour; destroying happy homes, turning aside our intellectual strength from the calm and healthy pursuits of literature or science, blinding consciences, embittering hearts, rasping the tempers of men, and blighting half the talent of our country with its feverish breath.

At that time, our citizens were much excited for and against the election of General Harrison. George Franklin threw himself into the *mêlée* with firm and honest conviction that the welfare of the country depended on his election. But the superior and inferior natures of man are forever mingling in all his thoughts and actions; and this generous ardor for the nation's good gradually opened into a perspective of flattering prospects for himself. By the study and industry of years, he had laid a solid foundation in his profession, and every year brought some increase of income and influence. But he had the American impatience of slow growth. Distinguished in some way he had always wished to be; and no avenue to the desired object seemed so short as the political race-course. A neighbor, whose temperament was peculiarly prone to these excitements, came in often and invited him to clubs and meetings. When Alice was seated at her evening work, with the hope of passing one of their old pleasant evenings, she had a nervous dread of hearing the door-bell, lest this man should enter. It was not that she expected or wished her husband to sacrifice ambition and enterprise, and views of patriotic duty, to her quiet habits. But the excitement seemed an unhealthy one. He lived in a species of mental intoxication. He talked louder than formerly, and doubled his fists in the vehemence of gesticulation. He was restless for newspapers, and watched the arrival of mails, as he would once have watched over the life of his child. All calm pleasures became tame and insipid. He was more and more away from home, and staid late in the night. Alice at first sat up to wait for him, but finding that not conducive to the comfort

of their child, she gradually formed the habit of retiring to rest before his return. She was always careful to leave a comfortable arrangement of the fire, with his slippers in a warm place, and some slight refreshment prettily laid out on the table. The first time he came home and saw these silent preparations, instead of the affectionate face that usually greeted him, it made him very sad. The rustic school-house, with its small belfry, and its bright little garden-plot, rose up in the perspective of memory, and he retraced one by one all the incidents of their love. Fair and serene came those angels of life out of the paradise of the past. They smiled upon him and asked, "Are there any like us in the troubled path you have now chosen?" With these retrospections came some self-reproaches concerning little kind attentions forgotten, and professional duties neglected, under the influence of political excitement. He spoke to Alice with unusual tenderness that night, and voluntarily promised that when this election was fairly over, he would withdraw from active participation in politics. But this feeling soon passed away. The nearer the result of the election approached, the more intensely was his whole being absorbed in it. One morning, when he was reading the newspaper, little Alice fretted and cried. He said, impatiently, "I wish you would carry that child away. Her noise disturbs me." Tears came to the mother's eyes, as she answered, "She is not well; poor little thing! She has taken cold." "I am sorry for that," he replied, and hurried to go out and exult with his neighbor concerning the political tidings.

At night, the child was unusually peevish and restless. She toddled up to her father's knees, and cried for him to rock her to sleep. He had just taken her in his arms, and laid her little head upon his bosom, when the neighbor came for him to go to a political supper. He said the mails that night must bring news that would decide the question. The company would wait for their arrival, and then have a jubilee in honor of Harrison's success. The child cried and screamed, when George put her away into the mother's arms; and he said sternly, "Naughty girl! Father don't love her when she cries." "She is not well," replied the mother, with a trembling voice, and hurried out of the room.

It was two o'clock in the morning before George returned; but late as it was, his wife was sitting by the fire. "Hurrah for the old coon!" he exclaimed. "Harrison is elected!"

She threw herself on his bosom, and bursting into tears, sobbed out, "Oh, hush, hush, dear George! Our little Alice is dead!" Dead! and the last words he had spoken to his darling had been unkind. What would he not have given to recall them now? And his poor wife had passed

through that agony without aid or consolation from him, alone in the silent midnight. A terrible weight oppressed his heart. He sank into a chair, drew the dear sufferer to his bosom, and wept aloud.

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This great misfortune sadly dimmed the glory of his eagerly-anticipated political triumph. When the tumult of grief subsided, he reviewed the events of his life, and weighed them in a balance. More and more he doubted whether it were wise to leave the slow certainties of his profession, for chances which had in them the excitement and the risks of gambling. More and more seriously he questioned whether the absorption of his faculties in the keen conflicts of the hour, was the best way to serve the true interests of his country. It is uncertain how the balance would have turned, had he not received an appointment to office under the new government. Perhaps the sudden fall of the triumphal arch, occasioned by the death of General Harrison, might have given him a lasting distaste for politics, as it did many others. But the proffered income was more than double the sum he had ever received from his profession. Dazzled by this prospect, he did not sufficiently take into the account that it would necessarily involve him in many additional expenses, political and social, and that he might lose it by the very next turn of the wheel, without being able to return easily to his old habits of expenditure. Once in office, the conviction that he was on the right side combined with gratitude and self-interest to make him serve his party with money and personal influence. The question of another election was soon agitated, and these motives drove him into the new excitement. He was kind at home, but he spent little time there. He sometimes smiled when he came in late, and saw the warm slippers by the fire, and a vase of flowers crowning his supper on the table; but he did not think how lonely Alice must be, nor could he possibly dream what she was suffering in the slow martyrdom of her heart. He gave dinners and suppers often. Strangers went and came. They ate and drank, and smoked, and talked loud. Alice was polite and attentive; but they had nothing for her, and she had nothing for them. How out of place would have been her little songs and her fragrant flowers, amid their clamor and tobacco-smoke! She was a pastoral poet living in a perpetual battle.

The house was filled with visitors to see the long whig procession pass by, with richly-caparisoned horses, gay banners, flowery arches, and promises of protection to everything. George bowed from his chariot and touched his hat to her, as he passed with the throng, and she waved her handkerchief. "How beautiful! How mag-

nificent!" exclaimed a visitor, who stood by her. "Clay will certainly be elected. The whole city seems to be in the procession. Sailors, printers, firemen, everything."

"There are no women and children," replied Alice; and she turned away with a sigh. The only protection that interested her, was a protection for homes.

Soon after came the evening procession of democrats. The army of horses; temples of Liberty, with figures in women's dress to represent the goddess; rackoons hung, and guillotined, and swallowed by alligators; the lone star of Texas everywhere glimmering over their heads; the whole shadowy mass occasionally illuminated by the rush of fire-works, and the fitful glare of lurid torches; all this made a strange and wild impression on the mind of Alice, whose nervous system had suffered in the painful internal conflicts of her life. It reminded her of the memorable 10th of August in Paris; and she had visions of human heads reared on poles before the windows, as they had been before the palace of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette. Visitors observed their watches, and said it took this procession an hour longer to pass than it had for the whig procession. "I guess Polk will beat, after all," said one. George was angry, and combatted the opinion vehemently. Even after the company had all gone, and the street noises had long passed off in the distance, he continued remarkably moody and irritable. He had more cause for it than his wife was aware of. She supposed the worst that could happen, would be defeat of his party and loss of office. But antagonists, long accustomed to calculate political games with a view to gambling, had dared him to bet on the election, being perfectly aware of his sanguine temperament; and George, stimulated solely by a wish to prove to the crowd, who heard them, that he considered the success of Clay's party certain, allowed himself to be drawn into the snare, to a ruinous extent. All his worldly possessions, even his watch, his books, and his household furniture, were at stake; and ultimately all were lost. Alice sympathized with his deep dejection, tried to forget her own sorrows, and said it would be easy for her to assist him, she was so accustomed to earn her own living.

On their wedding day, George had given her a landscape of the rustic school-house, embowered in vines, and shaded by its graceful elm. He

asked to have this reserved from the wreck, and stated the reason. No one had the heart to refuse it; for even amid the mad excitement of party triumph, everybody said, "I pity his poor wife."

She left her cherished home before the final breaking up. It would have been too much for her womanly heart, to see those beloved household gods carried away to the auction-room. She lingered long by the astral lamp, and the little round table, where she and George used to read to each other, in the first happy year of their marriage. She did not weep. It would have been well if she could. She took with her the little vase, that used to stand on the desk in the old country school-house, and a curious Wedgewood pitcher George had given her on the day little Alice was born. She did not show them to him, it would make him so sad. He was tender and self-reproachful; and she tried to be very strong, that she might sustain him. But health had suffered in these storms, and her organization fitted her only for one mission in this world; that was, to make and adorn a home. Through hard and lonely years she had longed for it. She had gained it, and thanked God with the joyfulness of a happy heart. And now her vocation was gone.

In a few days, hers was pronounced a case of melancholy insanity. She was placed in the hospital, where her husband strives to surround her with everything to heal the wounded soul. But she does not know him. When he visits her, she looks at him with strange eyes, and still clinging to the fond ideal of her life, she repeats mournfully, "I *want* my home. Why don't George come and take me home?"

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Thus left adrift on the dark ocean of life, George Franklin hesitated whether to trust the chances of politics for another office, or to start again in his profession, and slowly rebuild his shattered fortunes from the ruins of the past. Having wisely determined in favor of the latter, he works diligently and lives economically, cheered by the hope that reason will again dawn in the beautiful soul that loved him so truly.

His case may seem like an extreme one; but in truth he is only one of a thousand similar wrecks continually floating over the turbulent sea of American politics.



THE LEGEND OF THE CATHEDRAL OF COLÓGNE.

BY H. P. GRATTAN,

Member of the London Dramatic Authors' Association.

WHOEVER hath been there will certainly own,
That a very nice city is that of Cológne;

And a sweet place to dine
If you're fond of the wine

I prefer, to the *stream* of the swift-flowing Rhine:

Though 't is pleasant to tell
Of that, and *Moselle*,
(Which—if ballads be true—
Is remarkably blue)—

Still I think
One good drink
From the brink
Of a "beaker,"

Which some call a "sneaker,"
(Among them "George Colman,"
The muses' whole-soul-man,)

A much better thing,

Than that same from the source the Teetotalists sing.

Well, reader, Cológne's
Built mostly of stones
All cemented together
To keep out the weather,

With very respectable "Compo" and mortar,
Made perfectly proof 'gainst the wind and the water.
Perhaps there's no city so cram full of churches,
So thickly they're built, no man e'er in the lurch is

To do his devotions; there is n't a street,
Where, from daylight till dark, you are not sure to meet,
Graced sometimes with smiles, cursed sometimes with
frowns,

But *toujours*, with cowl and close-shaven crowns—

A score of fat priests, and spare meagre *lay*-men,
As ere chanted a "service," or grumbled an *A-men*!

There's the *Jesuit's Church*, wax-candled and sainted,
With silver *St. Peter's*, and splendidly painted
In "*Fresco*," and "*Basso*," a sight to behold,
All carved, and emblazoned in rich burnished gold;
And you think that you ne'er can see aught to surpass
Its wonderful grandeur: but own you're an ass—
When assured by the "*Curé*," the "*Abbé*" and "*Bedral*,"
It's a "*hen to a horse*" to the famous *CATHEDRAL*;
And ere you've thrown off your incredulous smiles,
You'll have reached it and found on comparing the aisles,
The *Sexton*, and *Abbé*, and *Curé*, and *Bedral*,
Were quite in the right about *CHURCH* and *CATHEDRAL*.

But despite all their urgings,
The "*ten thousand virgins*"
About which they bore 'ee,
Appears a tough story.

And (if not of the Catholic faith) think the stones
Of rare price which encircle their majesties' bones,
More precious by far than the ossified things
Which once represented a "*trio of kings*"—
Entranced, as each beauty you wond'ring inspect,
You inquire the name of the famed architect,
Which nobody knows! Then how you will stare!
I did when I heard it, but now I do n't care;
For since then I've *found*, not *invented*, I swear,
The Legend, below, which I've written out fair.

De Legende

of ye

Cathedralle of Colón.

A STUDENT sat in his lonely tower,
The time was near the midnight hour;
No fleshly STUDENT was he, I ween,
But the boniest STUDENT that ever was seen!
His cheeks despised the effeminate rose,
But the hue of the Crocus tipp'd his nose;
And his hair stood straight on his learned head,
And, like his brain, it was very deep read!
His eyes were small and his lips were thin,
And his mouth made a gap 'twixt his nose and chin—
His doublet was serge, or velvet, or camlet,
And he look'd like a second or third-hand Hamlet.
Though his figure—which closely resembled a post—
Would have done just as well for the dead king's ghost.
While the STUDENT sat, thus the STUDENT said,
As he scratched up the hair on his learned head.

"I'd sell my soul for a glass of SCHNAPPS
To the DEMON who setteth his dread man-traps,
If I could but draw,
Without blemish or flaw,
Such a goodly plan
As the hand of man

In his happiest moment never before
Could put upon paper." Then at the door,
One after the other, came three queer knocks,
And each the heart of the STUDENT shocks;
And he sat quite still, as if in the stocks,
And thought "Oh dear! there is something shocking
About this post-meridian knocking."
They came again, and his hair 'gan bristle,
In desperation he tried to whistle
A rollicking air, but found a hitch
His mouth couldn't get up to concert pitch,
For his teeth had commenced at the earliest battering,
A wild and *ad-libitem* species of chattering.
KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! was it very cold weather?
Knock, knock, knock, went his knees together,
One! two!! three!!!

"Who can it be?"—
"Say 'COME IN,' and, STUDENT, you'll see!
To keep a friend waiting is not very civil."
"A friend!" thought the Student, "a friend, the D——!"
"The very same,
You've hit on my name,
Invited by you from below I roam;"
"Stop out," roared the STUDENT—"I'm not at home!
I'm out of town; it's the truth I speak,
And I sha' n't return for at least a week.
I've gone to my uncle, my aunt, my mother,
My father, or sister, or some one or other:
I'm not quite sure but my brother-in-law
I'm visiting now." "Pshaw! hold your jaw!"—
And the person who said
This, popped in a head,
And then, not to seem uncommonly odd, he
Immediately afterwards walked in his body;
And taking a chair, with a broad grin cried:
"I knew I was welcome the moment you lied!

That ever brings me to a dear friend's side."
We have said that the STUDENT by nature had SMALL eyes,
But the STUDENT now seem'd as if he were ALL eyes:
For one lid rose up, and the other fell down,
And the hair from his head nearly flew with its crown,
And he looked like an effigy modell'd in grim-stone,
And shivered and shook, as a vile smell of brimstone
Saluted his nose;

You may well suppose
'Twas enough to frighten of STUDENTS a batch,
Who then never dreamed of a LUCIFER MATCH.
Whatever might be that DEMON or sprite,
Who called on the Student so late at night,
He was very well drest, and "uncommon" polite,
In fact, what a "FAST MAN" would call "all right,"
But for this little blemish, *one* foot was shorter
In front than the other, by nearly a quarter;
His coat was black, the buttons were jet,
It was very hot-press'd, and never been wet,
And whatever the web, and whatever the woof,
Of the garments worn by the man with the hoof,
There could be no doubt they were fire-proof.
Now one thing struck the Student with awe,
A change in the vestments each instant he saw.
For a moment they seemed a "BISHOP's," and then,
Like habiliments worn by your "LEGAL men;"
As a "JAILER," a CONSTABLE, JUDGE, or a THIEF,
A METHODIST PREACHER, COMMANDER IN CHIEF;
A SAINT or a SINNER, each change they ring,
From the BEGGAR'S RAGS to the ROBES of a KING.
But whatever the CHANGE, no matter how fair,
Still the *cloven-foot* of the DEVIL is there!
The STUDENT said "hem," and the STUDENT said "haw,"
And was nearly struck "all a heap," when he saw
He'd a right and left hand instead of a claw.
"Partial to fire!" the visitor said,
As he glanced at the agonized STUDENT's head,
And smiled at his locks, so uncommonly red;

And the STUDENT's nose,
Inflamed by his woes,
Like a coal i' the furnace vividly glows;
And he gazed with despair at the close shut door,
While his visitor beat his "TATTOO" on the floor,
And without the ghost of a flat encore,
To an air the student ne'er heard before.

In a voice corroded with antique rust,
Or perhaps made harsh by ashes and dust,
A voice that might pass
For a very fine "bass;"
He grimly chaunted,
"What was it you wanted,
My friend with the red
And ill looking head,
When thus, half an hour ago, you said:
'I'd sell my soul for a glass of schnapps
To the demon who setteth his dread man-traps,
If I could but draw,
Without blemish or flaw,

*Such a goodly plan
As the hand of man
In his happiest moments never before
Could put upon paper."* The sweat 'gan pour
Down the STUDENT's face,
At a wonderful pace,
And he thought to himself, "I'm a lost, lost case!
There sitteth the foe of my hapless race;
How dare he troll
That catch for my soul,
Under my nose and before my face!
I see, by his winking,
He knows what I'm thinking
About;" and he said,
(The FIEND, not the man with the crimson head.)
"You are perfectly right,"
And, with air polite,
Went on: "If you like,
We'll a bargain strike;
I'll give you a plan,
With which mortal man
Can never compete.

But first, for fun, sign me this receipt,
"T is but for a trifle, your mean little soul."
Dear heart, how the STUDENT's eyes did roll,
As out of his pocket a grim-looking scroll
His visitor drew;
From purple to green, from green to blue,
And yellow to pink, changed his nose's hue!
For the STUDENT was in a dudge of a stew,
And did 'nt exactly know what to do.
The Visitor laughed at the STUDENT's fright,
With all his main and all his might,
(He really seem'd a most hilarious sprite.)
And he cried, "If you can, now, STUDENT, write!
And in city, or guild, or
Village, no builder

Hath erected a Temple so worthy of fame,
As that which shall make immortal thy name.
Come, fool! never fear,
But just look here."

What ever hath happened? The Student's eyes
Are nine or ten times their natural size:

With rapture his face is
Marked, as he gazes
On the plan of a church,
Which, from spire to porch,
Will leave in the lurch,

Saint Paul's, and Saint Peter's, Saint Jude's, and Saint Bride's,
And all other Saints ever heard of besides;

And the STUDENT said,
As he rubb'd his head,

"I think if my name could be only read,
As the builder of that, when as mutton I'm dead,
'T would almost tempt me to go the whole
Hog, and dispose of my good-looking soul.
Then he thought to himself, "it would take a score
Of years to build that, if not many more;
And should n't I be very brownly done,
If I happened to die when 'twas only begun?"
"You would," quoth the FIEND, for he knew his thought,
"You wish to be safe, and so you ought;
Your argument's good, and wise, and weighty,
But, surely you don't mean to outlive eighty;
Now, accept my terms, and, I give you my word,
(Though upon my eternity, it's very absurd!

For I know, sure as fate, my ill-looking friend,
Without purchase, your soul will be mine in the end.)
But, to show for your great ambition I feel
As I ought, for a vice so very genteel,
You shall live, unless you play me a trick,
Till you've put on the fabric the very last brick."
"Agreed!" screamed the STUDENT, he seized the pen,
And the whole proceeding was settled *con-nem*.
We know very well it should be *nem-con*,
But for "pen," "nem's" the rhyme we had built upon.

The building went on! and "Fraw" and "Mynheer"
Stretched their mouths with gaping, from ear to ear,
And cried, "good gracious, good lack, and oh dear,
(In German, of course,) it's uncommonly queer,
To see *such* a building a-building here!"

The architects, all, were wild with surprise,
And, instead of their mouths, they opened their eyes,
And stared at the building from morn till night,
And nearly ran mad with professional spite,
When obliged to confess, from "bastion" to "gable,"
To find a fault, they were all unable.
But, if the CATHEDRAL escaped their reviling,
Not so the Student, who upward was piling,
Brick upon brick, and stone upon stone,—
They *score* he was "one of the DEMON's own,"
Behind his back; but aghast they fled
From the scorching glare of his fiery head.
He heeded them not; like an anchorite oyster,
He shut himself up in the silent cloister,
Which ran round the building, and, day by day,
As if to raise "BABEL," he worked away.
Thus toiling and toiling, years flew on,
Till all there *is* of the structure was done;
And the Student's fame would have made him drunk
With delight, but, at times, in a terrible funk,
The thought, and then how his eyes would roll,
Would cross his mind, of his jeopardized soul!
At length, when nearly deserted by hope,
He resolved to call on the holy Pope,
And tell him the truth, and see if the church
For which he had work'd would leave him in the lurch.

The POPE was amazed! and his hair stood on end
But he promised to stand the STUDENT's friend:

So he sent an invite,
In terms polite,

To cardinal this, and to cardinal that,
In short, to all who a crimson hat
Were entitled to wear, and managed to fish up
Each learned divine, from Curé to Bishop,
To whom the Student, with villanous grace,
And a whimpering voice, and a very long face,
In a roundabout manner detailed his case;

From which it appear'd,
He already had rear'd

The whole of the building designed in the plan
Received from the enemy arch of man,
Which was but a fourth of what it would be
When completed; but then he again must see
The DEMON DESIGNER, and sign away
His hapless soul without further delay.
The POPE was puzzled, the CARDINALS dumb,
And the BISHOP OF COLÓN whirl'd his thumb
Round its brother and solemnly vow'd and declared,
"T was enough to make any man feel scared;

For himself, he was filled with fear and surprise,
 But if *he* in his simpleness *might* advise,
 The STUDENT again should meet his foe,
 He meant the sprite of the cloven toe."
 The STUDENT immediately yelled out, "No!"
 And strongly advised the BISHOP to go,
 Which the BISHOP declined, and ordered "the lout
 Of a builder" to hear him quietly out,
 And, before he went, study chapter and verse,
 The mystic words of the Church's curse,
 And, when he demanded his soul, instead,
 Some holy water let fly at his head—
 Which would prove for him a decided hit,
 And act as the DEMON's "notice to quit."
 While this was doing, the POPE and the rest
 Of the Clergy in full canonicals drest,
 Should consecrate, from pavement to roof,
 The CATHEDRAL, and thus make it spirit-proof.

* * * * *

The moon is up, and, sec, on the sand
 By the bounding Rhine, in its pale beams stand,
 The FIEND, and the STUDENT: "Here in my hand,
 Behold, you very respectable man,
 The rest of *your* church's wonderful plan;
 'T will make you immortal for many a day hence,
 Take it, and finish that little conveyance
 Of what's to be mine,
 When this becomes thine."

Like lightning, the STUDENT seized the scroll
 Which confirmed the DEMON's right to his soul,
 And exclaimed, in a voice made wild with glee,
 "I've changed my mind, and it never shall be;
 AVAUNT! ABSCOND! EXORCISO! TE!
 I'm not to be dragged, like a sheep to the slaughter—
 Take that!" here a gallon of HOLY WATER,
 Seem'd dash'd on the FIEND from an engine's hose,
 And hiss'd in his eyes, and steamed on his nose,
 And he really felt almost as bad
 As a well-drenched dog when it's awfully mad!
 And swore like an "ALIBI," TROOPER, or TURK,
 Wherever HE went, he would carry his WORK.
 He then whisked off in a pale blue light,
 To spit on the building his fiendish spite;
 But with all his haste, he arrived too late,
 For WOOD, and MORTAR, and IRON, and SLATE,
 Had been blest by the POPE; but the BRAZEN-PLATE,
 Whereon was engraved, in magnificent state,
 The STUDENT's name, was alone unblest—
 His power was lost over all the rest—
 THAT was riven and fused, and never were seen
 The letters again, which there had been.

* * * * *

And that is the reason no one can tell,
 The NAME of the builder who built so well.

THE LOST LADY OF GOTTEFRIEDE.—A BALLAD.

From the German.

BY KATE ST. CLAIR.

"The sunny-haired Gunilde."

Uhland.

Away, in a woodland dell
 Lived a maid with sun-bright hair;
 Hers was the witching spell
 Of the wood-nymphs flitting there:
 For Faun, and Dryad, in that dim spot—
 In their harmless revels heeded her not.
 'T was a humble, moss-grown cot,
 Where the maid of the sun-bright hair,
 Dwelt with a crone who loved her not:
 She was wrinkled and old with care;
 Yet the wood-nymph deem'd the dame her mother,
 Nor knew that afar there dwelt another.
 There came to the wood one day,
 A lady in green-and-gold;
 The crone she hied away—
 Away, o'er the sunny wold!
 Plucking berries and flowers fair,
 For the singing-bird of the sun-bright hafr.

Then spake the lady bright,
 To the mute and wondering maid,
 "Thou shalt go to my palace-halls to-night!—
 Nay, be not thus afraid,
 For I am thy mother, my fairest one,
 And thy father—the stern old baron—is gone.
 "He sleeps 'neath the linden-tree,
 Who loved thee not, my child,
 And buried thine infancy
 In this dim old forest wild:
 And vainly he sighed for an heir, whose name
 The *skalds* should sing, with his sire's proud fame!
 The crone she came from the wold
 With her flowers, in the twilight air,
 But the lady in green-and-gold—
 Nor the singing-bird—were there:
 "I knew it!—Oh, God be praised!"—she said,—
 "I'll go to my Lady of Gottefriede."

KTAADN, AND THE MAINE WOODS.

BY HENRY D. THOREAU.

No. II.

LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

WHEN we returned to the Mattawamkeag, the Houlton stage had already put up there; and a Province man was betraying his greenness to the Yankees by his questions.—Why, Province money won't pass here at par, when States' money is good at Frederickton—though this, perhaps, was sensible enough. From what I saw then, it appeared that the Province man was now the only real Jonathan, or raw country bumpkin, left so far behind by his enterprising neighbors, that he did n't know enough to put a question to them. No people can long continue provincial in character, who have the propensity for politics and whittling, and rapid travelling, which the Yankees have, and who are leaving the mother country behind in the variety of their notions and inventions. The possession and exercise of practical talent merely, are a sure and rapid means of intellectual culture and independence.

The last edition of Greenleaf's Map of Maine hung on the wall here, and, as we had no pocket map, we resolved to trace a map of the lake country: so dipping a wad of tow into the lamp, we oiled a sheet of paper on the oiled table-cloth, and, in good faith, traced what we afterwards ascertained to be a labyrinth of errors, carefully following the outlines of the imaginary lakes which that map contains. The Map of the Public Lands of Maine and Massachusetts is the only one I have seen that at all deserves the name. It was while we were engaged in this operation that our companions arrived. They had seen the Indians' fire on the Five Islands, and so we concluded that a^l was right.

Early the next morning we had mounted our packs, and prepared for a tramp up the West Branch, my companion having turned his horse out to pasture for a week or ten days, thinking that a bite of fresh grass, and a taste of running water, would do him as much good as backwood's fare, and new country influences his master. Leaping over a fence, we began to follow an obscure trail up the northern bank of the Penobscot. There was now no road further, the river being the only highway, and but half a dozen log huts confined to its banks, to be met with for thirty

miles; on either hand, and beyond, was a wholly uninhabited wilderness, stretching to Canada. Neither horse, nor cow, nor vehicle of any kind, had ever passed over this ground. The cattle, and the few bulky articles which the loggers use, being got up in the winter on the ice, and down again before it breaks up. The evergreen woods had a decidedly sweet and bracing fragrance; the air was a sort of diet-drink, and we walked on buoyantly in Indian file, stretching our legs. Occasionally there was a small opening on the bank, made for the purpose of log-rolling, where we got a sight of the river—always a rocky and rippling stream. The roar of the rapids, the note of a whistler-duck on the river, of the jay and chickadee around us, and of the pigeon-woodpecker in the openings, were the sounds that we heard. This was what you might call a bran new country; the only roads were of Nature's making, and the few houses were camps. Here, then, one could no longer accuse institutions and society, but must front the true source of evil.

There are three classes of inhabitants, who either frequent or inhabit the country which we had now entered; first, the loggers, who, for a part of the year, the Winter and Spring, are far the most numerous, but in the Summer, except a few explorers for timber, completely desert it; second, the few settlers I have named, the only permanent inhabitants, who live on the verge of it, and help raise supplies for the former; third, the hunters, mostly Indians, who range over it in their season.

At the end of three miles we came to the Mat-tascunk stream and mill, where there was even a rude wooden railroad running down to the Penobscot, the last railroad we were to see. We crossed one track, on the bank of the river, of more than a hundred acres of heavy timber, which had just been felled and burnt over, and was still smoking. Our trail lay through the midst of it, and was well nigh blotted out. The trees lay at full length, four or five feet deep, and crossing each other in all directions, all black as charcoal, but perfectly sound within, still good for fuel or for timber; soon they would be cut into lengths and

burnt again. Here were thousands of cords, enough to keep the poor of Boston and New-York amply warm for a winter, which only cumbered the ground, and were in the settler's way. And the whole of that solid and interminable forest is doomed to be gradually devoured thus by fire, like shavings, and no man be warmed by it. At Crocker's log hut, at the mouth of Salmon River, seven miles from the Point, one of the party commenced distributing a store of small cent picture-books among the children, to learn them to read; and also newspapers, more or less recent, among the parents, than which nothing can be more acceptable to a backwoods people. It was really an important item in our outfit, and, at times, the only currency that would circulate. I walked through Salmon River with my shoes on, it being low water, but not without wetting my feet. A few miles further we came to "Marm Howard's," at the end of an extensive clearing, where there were two or three log huts in sight at once, one on the opposite side of the river, and a few graves, even surrounded by a wooden paling, where already the rude forefathers of a hamlet lie; and a thousand years hence, perchance, some poet will write his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." The "Village Hampdens," the "mute, inglorious Miltons," and Cromwells, "guiltless of" their "country's blood," were yet unborn.

"Perchance in this wild spot there will be laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

The next house was Fisk's, ten miles from the Point, at the mouth of the East Branch, opposite to the island Nickatow, or the Forks, the last of the Indian islands. I am particular to give the name of the settlers and the distances, since every log hut in these woods is a public house, and such information is of no little consequence to those who may have occasion to travel this way. Our course here crossed the Penobscot, and followed the southern bank. One of the party, who entered the house in search of some one to set us over, reported a very neat dwelling, with plenty of books, and a new wife, just imported from Boston, wholly new to the woods. We found the Seboois, or East Branch, a quite rapid stream at its mouth, and much deeper than it appeared. Having with some difficulty discovered the trail again, we kept up the south side of the West Branch, or main river, passing by some rapids called Rock-Ebeeme, the roar of which we heard through the woods, and, shortly after, in the thickest of the wood, some empty loggers' camps, still new, which were occupied the previous winter. Though we saw a few more afterwards, I will make one account serve for all. These

were such houses as the lumberers of Maine spend the winter in, in the wilderness. There were the camps and the hovel for the cattle, hardly distinguishable, except that the latter had no chimney. These camps were about twenty feet long by fifteen wide, built of logs—hemlock, cedar, spruce, or yellow birch—one kind alone, or all together, with the bark on; two or three large ones first, one directly above another, and notched together at the ends, to the height of three or four feet, then of smaller logs resting upon transverse ones at the ends, each of the last successively shorter than the other, to form the roof. The chimney was an oblong square hole in the middle, three or four feet in diameter, with a fence of logs as high as the ridge. The interstices were filled with moss, and the roof was shingled with long and handsome splints of cedar, or spruce, or pine, rifted with a sledge and cleaver. The fire-place, the most important place of all, was in shape and size like the chimney, and directly under it, defined by a log fence or fender on the ground, and a heap of ashes a foot or two deep within, with solid benches of split logs running round it. Here the fire usually melts the snow, and dries the rain before it can descend to quench it. The faded beds of arbor-vitæ leaves extended under the eaves on either hand. There was the place for the water-pail, pork-barrel, and wash-basin, and generally a dingy pack of cards left on a log. Usually a good deal of whittling was expended on the latch, which was made of wood, in the form of an iron one. These houses are made comfortable by the huge fires that can be afforded night and day. Usually the scenery about them is drear and savage enough; and the loggers' camp is as completely in the woods as a fungus at the foot of a pine in a swamp; no outlook but to the sky overhead; no more clearing than is made by cutting down the trees of which it is built, and those which are necessary for fuel. If only it be well sheltered and convenient to his work, and near a spring, he wastes no thought on the prospect. They are very proper forest houses, the stems of the trees collected together and piled up around a man to keep out wind and rain: made of living green logs, hanging with moss, and with the curls and fringes of the yellow-birch bark, and dripping with resin, fresh and moist, and redolent of swampy odors, with that sort of vigor and perennialness even about them that toad-stools suggest. The logger's fare consists of tea, molasses, flour, pork,—sometimes beef,—and beans. A great proportion of the beans raised in Massachusetts find their market here. On expeditions it is only hard bread and raw pork, slice upon slice, with tea or water, as the case may be.

The primitive wood is always and everywhere damp and mossy, so that I travelled constantly

with the impression that I was in a swamp ; and only when it was remarked that this or that tract, judging from the quality of the timber on it, would make a profitable clearing, was I reminded, that if the sun were let in it would make a dry field, like the few I had seen, at once. The best shod for the most part travel with wet feet. If the ground was so wet and spongy at this, the driest part of a dry season, what must it be in the Spring ? The woods hereabouts abounded in beech and yellow-birch, of which last there were some very large specimens ; also spruce, cedar, fir, and hemlock ; but we saw only the stumps of the white pine here, some of them of great size, these having been already culled out, being the only tree much sought after, even as low down as this. Only a little spruce and hemlock beside had been logged here. The eastern wood, which is sold for fuel in Massachusetts, all comes from below Bangor. It was the pine alone, chiefly the white pine, that had tempted any but the hunter to precede us on this route.

Waite's farm, thirteen miles from the Point, is an extensive and elevated clearing, from which we got a fine view of the river, rippling and gleaming far beneath us. My companions had formerly had a good view of Ktaadn and the other mountains here, but to-day it was so smoky that we could see nothing of them. We could overlook an immense country of uninterrupted forest, stretching away up the Seboois toward Canada, on the north and northwest, and toward the Aroostook valley on the northeast : and imagine what wild life was stirring in its midst. Here was quite a field of corn for this region, whose peculiar dry scent we perceived a third of a mile off before we saw it.

Eighteen miles from the Point brought us in sight of McCauslin's, or "Uncle George's," as he was familiarly called by my companions, to whom he was well known, where we intended to break our long fast. His house was in the midst of an extensive clearing of intervale, at the mouth of the Little Schoodic River, on the opposite or north bank of the Penobscot. So we collected on a point of the shore, that we might be seen, and fired our gun as a signal, which brought out his dogs forthwith, and thereafter their master, who in due time took us across in his batteau. This clearing was bounded on all sides but the river, abruptly by the naked stems of the forest, as if you were to cut only a few feet square in the midst of a thousand acres of mowing, and set down a thimble therein. He had a whole heaven and horizon to himself, and the sun seemed to be journeying over his clearing only, the live-long day. Here we concluded to spend the night, and wait for the Indians, as there was no stopping place so convenient above. He had seen no In-

dians pass, and this did not often happen without his knowledge. He thought that his dogs sometimes gave notice of the approach of Indians, half an hour before they arrived.

McCauslin was a Kennebec man, of Scotch descent, who had been a waterman twenty-two years, and had driven on the lakes and head waters of the Penobscot five or six Springs in succession, but was now settled here to raise supplies for the lumberers and for himself. He entertained us a day or two with true Scotch hospitality, and would accept no recompense for it. A man of a dry wit and shrewdness, and a general intelligence which I had not looked for in the backwoods. In fact, the deeper you penetrate into the woods, the more intelligent, and, in one sense, less countrified do you find the inhabitants ; for always the pioneer has been a traveller, and, to some extent, a man of the world ; and, as the distances with which he is familiar are greater, so is his information more general and far reaching than the villager's. If I were to look for a narrow, uninformed, and countrified mind, as opposed to the intelligence and refinement which are thought to emanate from cities, it would be among the rusty inhabitants of an old-settled country, on farms all run out and gone to seed with life-ever-lasting, in the towns about Boston, even on the high road in Concord, and not in the backwoods of Maine.

Supper was got before our eyes, in the ample kitchen, by a fire which would have roasted an ox ; many whole logs, four feet long, were consumed to boil our tea-kettle—birch, or beech, or maple, the same Summer and Winter ; and the dishes were soon smoking on the table, late the arm-chair, against the wall, from which one of the party was expelled. The arms of the chair formed the frame on which the table rested ; and, when the round top was turned up against the wall, it formed the back of the chair, and was no more in the way than the wall itself. This, we noticed, was the prevailing fashion in these log houses, in order to economise in room. There were piping hot wheaten-cakes, the flour having been brought up the river in batteaux,—no Indian bread, for Maine, it will be remembered, is a wheat country,—and ham, eggs, and potatoes, and milk and cheese, the produce of the farm ; and, also, shad and salmon, tea sweetened with molasses, and sweet cakes in contradistinction to the hot cakes not sweetened, the one white, the other yellow, to wind up with. Such, we found, was the prevailing fare, ordinary and extraordinary, along this river. Mountain cranberries, stewed and sweetened, were the common dessert. Everything here was in profusion, and the best of its kind. Butter was in such plenty, that it was commonly used, before it was salted, to grease boots with.

In the night we were entertained by the sound of rain-drops on the cedar splints which covered the roof, and awaked the next morning with a drop or two in our eyes. It had set in for a storm, and we made up our minds not to forsake such comfortable quarters with this prospect, but wait for Indians and fair weather. It rained and drizzled, and gleamed by turns, the live-long day. What we did there, how we killed the time, would, perhaps, be idler to tell; how many times we buttered our boots, and how often a drowsy one was seen to sidle off to the bedroom. When it held up, I strolled up and down the bank and gathered the harebell and cedar berries, which grew there; or else we tried by turns the long-handled axe on the logs before the door. The axe-helves here were made to chop standing on the log—a primitive log of course—and were, therefore, nearly a foot longer than with us. One while we walked over the farm, and visited his well-filled barns with McCauslin. There were one other man and two women only here. He kept horses, cows, oxen, and sheep. I think he said that he was the first to bring a plough and a cow so far; and, he might have added, the last, with only two exceptions. The potato rot had found him out here, too, the previous year, and got half or two-thirds of his crop, though the seed was of his own raising. Oats, grass, and potatoes, were his staples; but he raised, also, a few carrots and turnips, and “a little corn for the hens,” for this was all that he dared risk, for fear that it would not ripen. Melons, squashes, sweet-corn, beans, tomatos, and many other vegetables, could not be ripened there.

The very few settlers along this stream were obviously tempted by the cheapness of the land mainly. When I asked McCauslin why more settlers did not come in, he answered, that one reason was, they could not buy the land, it belonged to individuals or companies who were afraid that their wild lands would be settled, and so incorporated into towns, and they be taxed for them; but to settling on the States' land there was no such hinderance. For his own part, he wanted no neighbors—he did n't wish to see any road by his house. Neighbors, even the best, were a trouble and expense, especially on the score of cattle and fences. They might live across the river, perhaps, but not on the same side.

The chickens here were protected by the dogs. As McCauslin said, “The old one took it up first, and she taught the pup, and now they had got it into their heads that it would n't do to have anything of the bird kind on the premises. A hawk hovering over was not allowed to alight, but barked off by the dogs circling underneath; and a pigeon, or a ‘yellow hammer,’ as they called the pigeon-woodpecker, on a dead limb or stump, was

instantly expelled. It was the main business of their day, and kept them constantly coming and going. One would rush out of the house on the least alarm given by the other.”

When it rained hardest, we returned to the house, and took down a tract from the shelf. There was the Wandering Jew, cheap edition, and fine print, the Criminal Calendar, and Parish's Geography, and flash novels two or three. Under the pressure of circumstances, we read a little in these. With such aid, the press is not so feeble an engine after all. This house, which was a fair specimen of those on this river, was built of huge logs, which peeped out everywhere, and were chinked with clay and moss. It contained four or five rooms. There were no sawed boards, or shingles, or clapboards, about it; and scarcely any tool but the axe had been used in its construction. The partitions were made of long clapboard-like splints, of spruce or cedar, turned to a delicate salmon color by the smoke. The roof and sides were covered with the same, instead of shingles and clapboards, and a much thicker and larger size was used for the floor. These were all so straight and smooth, that they answered the purpose admirably; and a careless observer would not have suspected that they were not sawed and planed. The chimney and hearth were of vast size, and made of stone. The broom was a few twigs of arbor-vitæ tied to a stick; and a pole was suspended over the hearth, close to the ceilings, to dry stockings and clothes on. I noticed that the floor was full of small, dingy holes, as if made with a gimlet, but which were, in fact, made by the spikes, nearly an inch long, which the lumberers wear in their boots to prevent their slipping on wet logs. Just above McCauslin's, there is a rocky rapid, where logs jam in the Spring; and many “drivers” are there collected, who frequent his house for supplies: these were their tracks which I saw.

At sundown, McCauslin pointed away over the forest, across the river, to signs of fair weather amid the clouds—some evening redness there. For even there the points of compass held; and there was a quarter of the heavens appropriated to sunrise and another to sunset.

The next morning, the weather proving fair enough for our purpose, we prepared to start; and, the Indians having failed us, persuaded McCauslin, who was not unwilling to re-visit the scenes of his driving, to accompany us in their stead, intending to engage one other boatman on the way. A strip of cotton-cloth for a tent, a couple of blankets, which would suffice for the whole party, fifteen pounds of hard bread, ten pounds of “clear” pork, and a little tea, made up “Uncle George's” pack. The last three articles were calculated to be provision enough for six

men for a week, with what we might pick up. A tea-kettle, a frying-pan and an axe, to be obtained at the last house, would complete our outfit.

We were soon out of McCauslin's clearing, and in the ever-green woods again. The obscure trail made by the two settlers above, which even the woodman is sometimes puzzled to discern, ere long crossed a narrow open strip in the woods overrun with weeds, called the Burnt Land, where a fire had raged formerly, stretching northward nine or ten miles, to Millinocket Lake. At the end of three miles we reached Shad Pond, or Nolliseemack, an expansion of the river. Hodge, the Assistant State Geologist, who passed through this on the twenty-fifth of June, 1837, says, "We pushed our boat through an acre or more of buck-beans, which had taken root at the bottom, and bloomed above the surface in the greatest profusion and beauty." Thomas Fowler's house is four miles from McCauslin's, on the shore of the Pond, at the mouth of the Millinocket River, and eight miles from the lake of the same name, on the latter stream. This lake affords a more direct course to Ktaadn, but we preferred to follow the Penobscot and the Pamadumcook Lake. Fowler was just completing a new log hut, and was sawing out a window through the logs nearly two feet thick when we arrived. He had begun to paper his house with spruce bark, turned inside out, which had a good effect, and was in keeping with the circumstances. Instead of water we got here a draught of beer, which, it was allowed, would be better; clear and thin, but strong and stringent as the cedar sap. It was as if we sucked at the very teats of Nature's pine-clad bosom in these parts—the sap of all Millinocket botany commingled—the topmost most fantastic and spiciest sprays of the primitive wood, and whatever invigorating and stringent gum or essence it afforded, steeped and dissolved in it—a lumberer's drink, which would acclimate and naturalize a man at once—which would make him see green, and, if he slept, dream that he heard the wind sough among the pines. Here was a fife, playing to be played on, through which we breathed a few tune-ful strains,—brought hither to tame wild beasts. As we stood upon the pile of chips by the door, fish-hawks were sailing over head; and here, over Shad Pond, might daily be witnessed, the tyranny of the bald-eagle over that bird. Tom pointed away over the Lake to a bald-eagle's nest, which was plainly visible more than a mile off, on a pine, high above the surrounding forest, and was frequented from year to year by the same pair, and held sacred by them. There were these two houses only there, his low hut, and the eagles' airy cart-load of fagots. Thomas Fowler, too, was persuaded to join us, for two men were necessary to manage the batteau, which was soon to

be our carriage, and these men needed to be cool and skilful for the navigation of the Penobscot. Tom's pack was soon made, for he had not far to look for his waterman's boots, and a red flannel shirt. This is the favorite color with lumbermen; and red flannel is reputed to possess some mysterious virtues, to be most healthful and convenient in respect to perspiration. In every gang there will be a large proportion of red birds. We took here a poor and leaky batteau, and began to pole up the Millinocket two miles, to the elder Fowler's, in order to avoid the Grand Falls of the Penobscot, intending to exchange our batteau there for a better. The Millinocket is a small, shallow and sandy stream, full of what I took to be lamprey-eel nests, and lined with musquash cabins, but free from rapids, according to Fowler, excepting at its outlet from the Lake. He was at this time engaged in cutting the native grass—rush grass and meadow-clover, as he called it—on the meadows and small, low islands, of this stream. We noticed flattened places in the grass on either side, where, he said, a moose had laid down the night before, adding, that there were thousands in these meadows.

Old Fowler's, on the Millinocket, six miles from McCauslin's, and twenty-four from the Point, is the last house. Gibson's, on the Sowadnehunk, is the only clearing above, but that had proved a failure, and was long since deserted. Fowler is the oldest inhabitant of these woods. He formerly lived a few miles from here, on the south side of the West Branch, where he built his house sixteen years ago, the first house built above the Five Islands. Here our new batteau was to be carried over the first portage of two miles, round the Grand Falls of the Penobscot, on a horse-sled made of saplings, to jump the numerous rocks in the way, but we had to wait a couple of hours for them to catch the horses, which were pastured at a distance, amid the stumps, and had wandered still further off. The last of the salmon for this season had just been caught, and were still fresh in the pickle, from which enough was extracted to fill our empty kettle, and so graduate our introduction to simpler forest fare. The week before, they had lost nine sheep here out of their first flock, by the wolves. The surviving sheep came round the house, and seemed frightened, which induced them to go and look for the rest, when they found seven dead and lacerated, and two still alive. These last they carried to the house, and, as Mrs. Fowler said, they were merely scratched in the throat, and had no more visible wound than would be produced by the prick of a pin. She sheared off the wool from their throats, and washed them and put on some salve, and turned them out, but in a few moments they were missing, and had not been found since. In fact,

they were all poisoned, and those that were found swelled up at once, so that they saved neither skin nor wool. This realized the old fables of the wolves and the sheep, and convinced me that that ancient hostility still existed. Verily, the shepherd boy did not need to sound a false alarm this time. There were steel traps by the door of various sizes, for wolves, otter, and bears, with large claws instead of teeth, to catch in their sinews. Wolves are frequently killed with poisoned bait.

At length, after we had dined here on the usual backwoods' fare, the horses arrived, and we hauled our batteau out of the water, and lashed it to its wicker carriage, and, throwing in our packs, walked on before, leaving the boatmen and driver, who was Tom's brother, to manage the concern. The route, which led through the wild pasture where the sheep were killed, was in some places the roughest ever travelled by horses, over rocky hills, where the sled bounced and slid along, like a vessel pitching in a storm; and one man was as necessary to stand at the stern, to prevent the boat from being wrecked, as a helmsman in the roughest sea. The philosophy of our progress was something like this: when the runners struck a rock three or four feet high, the sled bounced back and upwards at the same time; but, as the horses never ceased pulling, it came down on the top of the rock, and so we got over. This portage probably followed the trail of an ancient Indian carry round these falls. By 2 o'clock we, who had walked on before, reached the river above the falls, not far from the outlet of Quakish Lake, and waited for the batteau to come up. We had been here but a short time, when a thunder-shower was seen coming up from the west, over the still invisible lakes, and that pleasant wilderness which we were so eager to become acquainted with; and soon the heavy drops began to patter on the leaves around us. I had just selected the prostrate trunk of a huge pine, five or six feet in diameter, and was crawling under it, when, luckily, the boat arrived. It would have amused a sheltered man to witness the manner in which it was unlashd, and whirled over, while the first water-spout burst upon us. It was no sooner in the hands of the eager company than it was abandoned to the first revolutionary impulse, and to gravity, to adjust it; and they might have been seen all stooping to its shelter, and wriggling under like so many eels, before it was fairly deposited on the ground. When all were under, we propped up the lee side, and buried ourselves there, whittling thole pins for rowing, when we should reach the lakes; and made the woods ring, between the claps of thunder, with such boat-songs as we could remember. The horses stood sleek and shining with the rain, all drooping and crestfallen, while deluge after deluge washed over us; but the bottom of a boat

may be relied on for a tight roof. At length, after two hours' delay at the place, a streak of fair weather appeared in the northwest, whither our course now lay, promising a serene evening for our voyage; and the driver returned with his horses, while we made haste to launch our boat, and commence our voyage in good earnest.

There were six of us, including the two boatmen. With our packs heaped up near the bows, and ourselves disposed as baggage to trim the boat, with instructions not to move in case we should strike a rock, more than so many barrels of pork, we pushed out into the first rapid, a slight specimen of the stream we had to navigate. With Uncle George in the stern, and Tom in the bows, each using a spruce pole about twelve feet long, pointed with iron, and poling on the same side, we shot up the rapids like a salmon, the water rushing and roaring around, so that only a practised eye could distinguish a safe course, or tell what was deep water and what rocks, frequently grazing the latter on one or both sides, with a hundred as narrow escapes as ever the *Argo* had in passing through the Symplegades. I, who had had some experience in boating, had never experienced any half so exhilarating before. We were lucky to have exchanged our Indians for these men, who, together with Tom's brother, were reputed the best boatmen on the river, and were at once indispensable pilots and pleasant companions. The canoe is smaller, more easily upset, and sooner worn out; and the Indian is said not to be so skilful in the management of the batteau. He is, at any rate, less to be relied on, and more disposed to sulks and whims. The utmost familiarity with dead streams, or with the ocean, would not prepare a man for this peculiar navigation; and the most skilful boatman anywhere else would here be obliged to take out his boat and carry round a hundred times, still with great risk, as well as delay, where the practised batteau man poles up with comparative ease and safety. The hardy "voyageur" pushes with incredible perseverance and success quite up to the foot of the falls, and then only carries round some perpendicular ledge, and launches again in "the torrents' smoothness, ere it dash below," to struggle with the boiling rapids above. The Indians say, that the river once ran both ways, one half up and the other down, but, that since the white man came, it all runs down, and now they must laboriously pole their canoes against the stream, and carry them over numerous portages. In the Summer, all stores, the grindstone and the plough of the pioneer, flour, pork, and utensils for the explorer, must be conveyed up the river in batteaux; and many a cargo and many a boatman is lost in these waters. In the Winter, however, which is very equable and long, the ice is the great high-

way, and the loggers' train penetrates to Chesuncook Lake, and still higher up, even two hundred miles above Bangor. Imagine the solitary sled-track running far up into the snowy and ever-green wilderness, hemmed in closely for a hundred miles by the forest, and again stretching straight across the broad surfaces of concealed lakes !

We were soon in the smooth water of the Quakish Lake, and took our turns at rowing and paddling across it. It is a small, irregular, but handsome lake, shut in on all sides by the forest, and showing no traces of man but some low boom in a distant cove, reserved for Spring use. The spruce and cedar on its shores, hung with gray moss, looked at a distance like the ghosts of trees. Ducks were sailing here and there on its surface, and a solitary loon, like a more living wave—a vital spot on the lake's surface—laughed and frolicked, and showed its straight leg, for our amusement. Joe Merry Mountain appeared in the northwest, as if it were looking down on this lake especially ; and we had our first, but a partial view of Ktaadn, its summit veiled in clouds, like a dark isthmus in that quarter, connecting the heavens with the earth. After two miles of smooth rowing across this lake, we found ourselves in the river again, which was a continuous rapid for one mile, to the dam, requiring all the strength and skill of our boatmen to pole up it.

This dam is a quite important and expensive work for this country, whither cattle and horses cannot penetrate in the Summer, raising the whole river ten feet, and flooding, as they said, some sixty square miles by means of the innumerable lakes with which the river connects. It is a lofty and solid structure, with sloping piers some distance above, made of frames of logs filled with stones, to break the ice. Here every log pays toll as it passes through the sluices.

We filed into the rude logger's camp at this place, such as I have described, without ceremony, and the cook, at that moment the sole occupant, at once set about preparing tea for his visitors. His fire-place, which the rain had converted into a mud-puddle, was soon blazing again, and we sat down on the log benches around it to dry us.

On the well-flattened, and somewhat faded beds of arbor-vitæ leaves, which stretched on either hand under the eaves behind us, lay an odd leaf of the Bible, some genealogical chapter out of the Old Testament ; and, half buried by the leaves, we found Emerson's Address on West India Emancipation, which had been left here formerly by one of our company ; and *had had two converts to the liberty party here*, as I was told ; also, an odd number of the Westminster Review, for 1834, and a pamphlet entitled History of the Erection of the Monument on the Grave of Myron Holly. This was the readable, or reading matter, in a lumberer's camp in the Maine woods, thirty miles from a road, which would be given up to the bears in a fortnight. These things were well thumbed and soiled. This gang was headed by one John Morrison, a good specimen of a Yankee ; and was necessarily composed of men not bred to the business of dam-building, but who were Jacks-at-all-trades, handy with the axe, and other simple implements, and well skilled in wood and water craft. We had hot cakes for our supper, even here white as snow-balls, but without butter, and the never-failing sweet cakes, with which we filled our pockets, foreseeing that we should not soon meet with the like again. Such delicate puff-balls seemed a singular diet for backwoodsmen. There was also tea without milk, sweetened with molasses. And so, exchanging a word with John Morrison and his gang when we had returned to the shore, and also exchanging our batteau for a better still, we made haste to improve the little daylight that remained. This camp, exactly twenty-nine miles from Mattawamkeag Point, by the way we had come, and about one hundred from Bangor by the river, was the last human habitation of any kind in this direction. Beyond, there was no trail ; and the river and lakes, by batteau and canoes, was considered the only practicable route. We were about thirty miles by the river from the summit of Ktaadn, which was in sight, though not more than twenty, perhaps, in a straight line.

[END OF PART II.]

NOBILITY.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

STARS come not down from their eternal blue
To pierce the clouds that spurn their beauty back ;
And when the blast divides the sullen black,
Their radiant love-light glides revengeless through,
As if no scorning fog had mocked their view.
Wheeling forever in its golden track,
The great sun wars not on the tempest's rack,

But gilds alike, rough storm and quiet dew.
Such regal greatness beams from giant souls,
Such starry love shines down from sky-broad hearts ;
Bound in high order to their infinite goals
On all below their free-flung splendor darts,
And no cloud-frown, or claim of huge desire
Shall mar or grasp one beam of their immortal fire.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

God grasps at random the men whom he has destined to represent their generation on earth,—he imparts and assigns them the physical organs of life, to fill the vacant department of thought, and to inspire all who need the guiding light of their intellect, with a precious immortality of celestial hopes.

The subject of this brief sketch, was the *Imperio Natos* of his time; and so gracefully did the duty of empire rest upon him, that its requisitions were little less burdensome than the simple joys which cluster around the happy sphere of domestic life. The scholar, sage, poet and statesman, were in him so immediately mingled, that he might have stood forth as the multiplied embodiment of all.

It is only as a dweller in the fruitful realm of thought, that we should consider the subject of this insufficient sketch. We would not stir the hallowed dust of recent memories, to revive a single public act; inasmuch as all of those actions are destined to live beyond him or the age in which he existed. They have become distinct and settled matters of history, and will go down the pathway of years, burdened with the spirit of their originator.

A toil-worn but devoted heart, offering up the better moments of existence upon the altar of Eternity, those thoughts which are to pass into other ages and distant lands, to live in others' emotions when he that conceived them has mouldered into dust, is a matter of ineffable interest to us all. It is this which hallows the writer's calling; and inasmuch as those thoughts are unconnected with the outward affairs of the world, in an inverse ratio do they abstract the utterer from actual and ordinary existence.

"His soul is like a star, and dwells apart."

It is this air of the spiritual that hovers around the scholar, which gives his life and actions a peculiar moral influence. We love to revel in the enchantments which his imagination hath created around us, and to watch and emulate the slow degrees by which he was lifted into life. While we thus contemplate the strong soul seated in the serenity of sceptred strength, we are prompted to inquire where lay the charm of power, and how it is that men are so willing to dwell in the majesty of mental contentment when acquiring the set of principles which he has laid down for

them to recognise. Like the azure depths of the great heavens, does the wealth of such a soul expand itself, touching, like the circling currents of the viewless air, every object in the widest bounds of nature. The feelings of such a man do not weaken by diffusion, but spring up in fragrance and beautify the pathway to the grave.

The poetry of a life like this, if, as the poet hath said it, "were all poetry," instead of being engrossed with the cares of state, would be stamped with the seal of something more than human. But Mr. Adams' verse was only the reflex of individual emotion, and not the precious offspring of spiritual experience. Amidst the pressure of political cares, it was the smooth stream gliding through a forest—bright amid the darkness—that bears the soul gently from horrid tangles into quiet meadows and smooth fields of joy.

There is a charm in the display of such power, which enthralls the soul: we do not look for the whirlwind of emotions which rend in twain every passion in Byron, or the calm serenity of Wordsworth, or the lurid and splendid visions of Dante. He indulges in no straining after the impossible—in no reaching after the unattainable—but in settled peace he looks upon things with the calm eye of philosophic experience. This is somewhat peculiar in one to whom poetry is not an art. He could lend the listening sense to every grateful sound of earth and air, and infuse his own spirit in them all. This homogeneousness of mind pointedly illustrates its versatility, for in proportion to the largeness of the intellect is the variety of sympathy. There was no mental intolerance in anything Mr. A. did; he had lived long enough to emerge from the thralldom of his emotions—his thoughts flow along weltering on the waves of time, an argosy of exhaustless wealth. Poetry derives its chief charm from association. With the music of his name who

"Woke to ecstasy the living lyre,"

vibrate in our memory his actions, looks and character. It is with such feelings that we listen to the drifts of thought, melody and feeling that flowed from Mr. Adams's pen. Some image of peace and joy they constantly revive: the bird, the picture, the flower, that nameless something which serves as a universal bond of reverence between the common brotherhood of man.

The youth gradually forsakes his romantic fancies as he emerges into manhood, naturally obliterating in the actual world of things all perception of the beautiful; but how rare it is to find one whose head is white with the drifting snow of cares, still lingering in the temple of the ideal! What a contrast is presented in the character of the venerable man, whose life of light has just gone out in the darkness of the grave! Absorbed in the cares of state—standing at the head of history—serving the nation in distant lands—he was all the same—

"Sage in meditation found."

A tone of generous and enlightened feeling pervades all Mr. Adams's published writings; the warm friend of every scheme of philanthropy and improvement, they appeal to every principle of imperishable truth and affection, that is laid in the foundation of our life. But what a touching and memorable life and death! In the nation's capitol, where his voice had oft been lifted in solemn warning to his countrymen, his eagle spirit took its glorious flight. Brightly it passed from the strife of the world—

"In the long way that each must tread alone."

The messenger came without warning, amidst engrossing duties; and at an hour when we needed his counsels most, the cold hand of death was laid upon his heart, and it was pulseless forever.

There is something fine enough for a grouping in the scene between the dying statesman and Mr. Clay. Sense had fled, and the only visible token of life remaining was the wild wave heaving to and fro in his bosom. There stood the old man of Ashland speechless with emotion, while the tears rolled over his furrowed cheeks, the unmistakable sign of heartfelt grief. This was a heavy blow, but—

"Life to everything that breathes is full of care."

Two great spirits, who had stood side by side, champions of liberty and the cause of humanity, had met for the last time on earth. Struggle and strife, the common doom of man, they had both shared—both had displayed the same wide range of thought; the same vivid abundance of suggestion in supplying the wants of a people grown up beneath their fostering care. As if no change could be, in the clear lustre of their exhaustless souls, men began to think the monarch mind could never wander from its seat. But—

The dead are everywhere,

Where'er is love, or tenderness, or faith;

Where'er is pomp or pleasure, pride; where'er

Life is or was, is death.

It is the province of men of genius to adorn each other's life—they "multiply themselves in others;" but to themselves alone the beauty of their minds is revealed with a clearer and purer light. Each in his own high contemplation sits apart, and every radi-

ant hue in the realm of fancy is reflected back and forth, and spreads around a glow of delight—an inspiration of eternity.

To quicken the influence of this perception, we have ventured to include a little lyric, the production of Caleb Lyon, the poet and oriental scholar; and as the germ of a poet's sympathy is in his heart, it presents a touching tribute to the power of the affections and their duties, in coloring with a changeless joy the deep and mighty spirit, whose starlight of antique knowledge shed around the "glory and freshness of a dream," and was enshrined with every function and attribute of the Deity.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE CAPITOL, THE EVENING OF FEBRUARY 23, 1848.

BY CALEB LYON, OF LYONSDALE.

'Tis night, and the stars are their lone vigils keeping,
And shed their bright rays o'er the Capitol's dome;
'Tis night, and the dews of evening are weeping,
For angels are bearing a weary heart home.

War-worn, he fell on the field where he battled—
The champion of freedom, the veteran of years:
Where the conflicts of mind fiercely echoing rattled,
Nor dimmed were his triumphs with suffering or tears.

Though his body may perish, his mind in its splendor
Shall beacon us onward, a star in the sky;
And filling our spirits with memories most tender,
We'll mourn that the good and pure-hearted must die.

No more shall his voice, with eloquence burning,
Plead earnest for truth, when dark errors enslave;
A heart full of kindness—a mind gemmed with learning—
"The path of whose glory but lead to the grave."

He has gone where a Congress of Nations are meeting,
Whose names are impressed on the deeds of an age;
He has gone where the Pilgrims of Freedom are greeting
The scholar, the statesman, the patriot, the sage.

Such is the power of the song of the minstrel, and let no man reject it, for the poet is the unacknowledged legislator of men. "Let me write the songs of a nation, and I do not care who makes its laws," says Swift. The observation is profoundly true: a single line from Horace will urge millions to die for their country; and another of Virgil will bring a tear to the eye of the far-wandering patriot, and teach him, even in death, to think of his own lovely land.

Mr. Adams's lyre was strung with no such chords, neither did it tremble with any such fire of inspiration. His lines are impressive from their composure—there is a sensation of humor too, refined from all grossness;—they are thrown off with an easy and familiar effect, which leaves us to believe that the mine of poetic richness was not properly worked. It is a voice of healthful freshness, inviting us to partake of the feast of life. It reflects its own state. There is no desponding prospect, no regretful retrospect, the signs of a laden and troubled heart.

The poem quoted below is an illustration of this fact. It was a favorite one of the veteran statesman, and adorns the Albums of many persons who pressed him for autographs. It shows the eagerness and avidity that was evinced to possess themselves of the commonest trifle that fell from the pen of this extraordinary man—to retain a

single link of the golden chain of his splendid being.

The chief interest appertaining to this poem, is the probability that it is the last copy he ever wrote, as it is dated a few days previous to his death.

John Quincy Adams.

Quincy—My dearest.

In days of yore the Poets pen
 From wing of bird was plundered;
 Purchased a page, but now art thou
 From Jove's own eagle plundered
 But now Metabolic pens despoil
 Where the Poets number
 In Iron Inspiration gleams
 Or with the Minter's plumbings

Hair dashed! could my pen impart
 In prose or lofty rhyme
 The pure effusions of my heart

To speed the flight of time
 What mused from the mind of earth
 Could with intrinsic beam
 To permeate with corresponding warmth
 The tlegrams the frost-kissed shore?

For Mrs. Lyone of Edwardsville.

Washington Feb 7th 1848.





Designed by T.H. Matteson.

Engraved by R. Hinshelwood.

Revenge

Printed by H. & W. B. 1840.

In days of yore, the Poet's pen
 From wing of bird was plundered :
 Perchance a goose, but now and then
 From Jove's own eagle sundered.
 But now metallic pens disclose
 Alone the Poet's numbers—
 In iron inspiration glows,
 Or with the minstrel slumbers.

Fair damsel, could my pen impart,
 In prose or lofty rhyme,
 The pure effusions of my heart
 To speed the flight of time,
 What metal from the womb of earth
 Could worth intrinsic bear,
 To stamp with corresponding worth
 The blessings thou should'st share ?

*For Mrs. Lyon, of Lyonsdale,
 Washington, Feb. 18th, 1848.*

"This is the end of life, I am content," was the exclamation, as the last wave of life swept over his sinking spirit. The long days of toil, and feverish nights of thought, had weakened the might of the soul. Fame gilded his days with immortal splendor to their close. The stream on which he passed to the spiritual world was calm and tranquil as the first aspect of the awakened sky, for every sense by which the world's joys are tasted was gratified—the thread of his destiny was fully spun—and the wisdom of ambition lengthened by the line of his earthly hopes. The drama which he undertook to perform was wound up in a finished plan of complete and demonstrative greatness.

THE REVENGE.

(See the Engraving.)

BY DENNIS.

THE days of post coaches are fast passing away ; and although the commodious and oftentimes luxuriously-furnished cars drawn over the iron rail and speeding with the swiftness of a flying bird, offer inducements to the traveller which the old-fashioned "coach and four" never held out ; (for one may lounge upon the velvet-cushioned seat and read the last novel, without fear of a jolt or an overturning from the wheel coming in contact with some unmannerly stump by the road side ;) give me yet the old stage coach and four spirited steeds, with a practised hand to manage them,—such as are now only to be met with in secluded districts, where the railway is yet unconstructed.

These reflections, dear reader, were made while sitting in one of those comfortable cars, and proceeding at a rapid rate towards the metropolis of our State. We had perhaps performed half the journey, when the regular monotonous jarring of the cars was in a second changed to a hollow rumbling sound, by which some unthinking passengers were not a little startled. The train was passing over the Aqueduct at Rocky Hill. Mingled emotions of thrilling fears and joys, long vanished in the dim vista of time, came back with this quiet place, and its dark frowning rocks. Methinks I still see the old mill which stood by the road side, its ponderous black water wheel rolling around, and the sparkling drops, dripping from its mossy beams ; the village church, and the old homestead of Father Wilkes, with its vine-clad porch ; the venerable oak tree beneath whose shade his dark-eyed Jessie had often sat, and sung her gay songs in the summer's eve. But all is now changed. The mill and the homestead are gone ; Jessie and her father are not here ; the old oak has been shivered by the lightning, and the stream,

flowing calmly by, looks darker than in days past. Yet those dark-frowning rocks wear the same gloomy aspect as on that fatal day when the event occurred, which is partially represented in the engraving.

Jessie was sitting on the porch beside her father. She had been reading to him the weekly paper, and arose to view the heavy dark mass of clouds looming up in the west. An unusual stillness pervaded the atmosphere, such as often precedes the violence of a thunder storm ; at that moment a sharp report of the discharge of fire-arms rang upon the stillness of the scene ; this was so immediately followed by a peal of thunder and vivid lightning, that the report seemed to be but one and the same. A noble horse, trembling in every nerve, galloped wildly up the road to the door where Jessie and her father stood. He was at once recognised by the daughter as one usually ridden by young Morris, her accepted lover, to whom she was engaged soon to be married. I was staying for a few days at the homestead, having professional business in the vicinity, when this event happened. Morris had been shot from his horse, and was found a short distance from the rocks. We carried him to the homestead, where, at the hour of midnight, with the hand of his Jessie clasped in his own, the spark of life fled forever from his manly form. The assassin was found struck lifeless by the electric stroke, in the moment of his crime. The veil of mystery has hung over the event from the moment of its occurrence. The motive which prompted the deed,—the revenge of the dark-visaged homicide,—will only be revealed in the day when the murderer and his victim shall stand face to face, before the Judge of the Universe.

A COUNTRY DOCTOR.

BY MRS. M. S. B. DANA.

HENRY and Emily Heyward had been married about two years. They began their wedded life with prospects as bright as could be desired; and though a cloud had overshadowed the sun of their prosperity, it had been powerless to darken or to chill the warm sunshine of their hearts. About a year after their marriage, Dr. Heyward's father died, and, to the great surprise of all who knew him, he died insolvent. Henry was his only child. It had always been supposed that he would inherit a large fortune; but Death, which lifts the hitherto impervious veil, and shows us things as they really are, had interposed, and the illusion was dispelled.

Dr. Heyward was now a poor man; but not for himself did he mourn that toil and hardship were to be his lot. The being whom he loved as his own soul—she who had refused the gay, the wealthy, the honored, for him—she too must suffer. They must exchange a palace for a cottage; and he, at least, must toil from day to day for the necessities of life. It was a trying task to tell his delicate, high-born wife, that he was poor; but he nerved himself to the effort, and she—how did she receive the intelligence? Like a true-hearted woman; though she sympathized with him in his disappointment, she met the trial with a calm heart, and a smiling countenance.

"Let us thank God, my dear husband," said she, "that we are spared to each other, and that, though comparatively poor, we may still be useful and happy. Indeed, I am not sure that this change will not increase our happiness, for we shall be more dependent on each other; and true love and dependence harmonize sweetly together. Adversity tends to bind our hearts more closely; and if ours are thus bound," she added, with a bewitching smile, "I fear we shall be quite too happy."

"You are an angel, Emily," said the gratified husband; "I always thought so, but now I know it."

Henry Heyward had inherited, from his grandmother, a large family of negroes, of which Cæsar and Juno were the united head, and Emily was mistress of a few thousand dollars. It was now necessary to use this meagre property to the best advantage. But Dr. Heyward possessed what

was more valuable than gold, a thorough medical education, and first-rate talents; and, better still, they had both learned the great secret of contentment. They had now to leave their elegant house, and to seek another home, better suited to their straitened circumstances. Dr. Heyward accordingly purchased a small place in the country, on which a plain, but comfortable house, was standing; and in that humble retreat we found them when our story opened. It was fortunate for Dr. Heyward that he settled just where he did; for the physician who had long commanded all the practice of the neighborhood had become so intemperate, that a man of the right stamp was greatly needed. Accordingly, the young physician was warmly welcomed, and secured at once a large and lucrative practice.

The place which Dr. Heyward had purchased was a newly-settled one; and, though surrounded by several fine plantations, the appearance of that particular spot, before he removed thither, was by no means prepossessing. In the midst of an extensive forest of pines stood a large, ungainly house, built of the same material. A kitchen, a negro house, and a stable, standing each at some distance from the dwelling, an old well, and one or two broken hen-coops—these were all the objects that met the inquisitive eye of Emily Heyward, as the carriage approached her future home. Her husband, however, had been endeavoring to prepare her for the sight by a description rather more unflattering than was necessary. "But," said he, "it is a pineland settlement, Emily, and it is perfectly healthy. It was for this reason that I selected it."

"And so this is to be our home," said she, as she sprang gayly out of the carriage. "Well, I declare, Henry, it looks better than I expected. Why, a little paint and whitewash will make it quite a handsome place. Do you know, Henry," she continued, "you could not have suited me better than you have done, by placing me in this beautiful pine grove? My earliest and most romantic associations are connected with our forest pines, and I don't know but I shall take to writing poetry, or doing some other odd thing before very long. When a child, I used to spend my holidays with a dear old lady, who lived in a

pine-land settlement, and I was always so happy there, that happiness and pine trees have ever since been closely connected in my imagination. You'll see, Henry, with what delight I shall sit and listen to the music of the wind, as it comes sweeping through these ever-green branches, tuning up a thousand soft æolian harps." Dr. Heyward gave his wife an affectionate smile, as he handed her into the spacious piazza; and, pressing her hand ere he resigned it, he answered, "Very well, dearest, we'll see."

All was bustle for a few days at the newly-inhabited residence; and the voices of Henry and Emily might be heard singing gayly together as they pursued their delightful occupations. Henry and Cæsar did the whitewashing, painting, &c., while Emily and Juno were occupied in putting up curtains, tacking down carpets, and adorning in various ways their humble home. Never did time fly quicker—never were appetites better—never were people happier. At the end of a fortnight their labors were completed; and so much was the place improved, that no one would have recognised it. Its former look of desolation was exchanged for one of comfort; ay, even of beauty; for every spot had been touched by the magic hand of taste. Nor were they lonely in their newly-found home; many of their neighbors were men of refinement and education, and they soon found that they should not want for society of the very best kind. To be sure, the nearest neighbor lived at the distance of more than a mile, but they all possessed the means of riding, and were disposed to be quite sociable.

It was about two months after their arrival that Henry Heyward was attacked with the illness of which we have spoken in the commencement of our sketches. The old physician, to whom we have referred, had attended him with kindness and assiduity; and it was even said, by some of the knowing ones, that he had kept himself more sober than usual. Be that as it may, he had certainly displayed great skill in the management of the disease; and, by the blessing of God, his efforts to save the life of his youthful friend had been crowned with signal success.

Dr. Parvin was a queer old man. He was celebrated for his hospitality through all the country round. So agreeable were his manners, so full was he of kind feeling to all, both high and low,

that his house was a place of resort for all who knew him: and all who knew him loved him. He was particularly fond of young people. It was his delight to collect together at his house a company of the "rising generation," as he called them, and to set them dancing to the tones of an old cracked fiddle, played by his old favorite, Daddy Primus. But he must have everything done in his own way. The "rising generation" must dance just when he pleased, and to just what tunes he selected; and if a youthful lover dared to kiss his sweetheart without her leave, it was always excuse enough to say, "Dr. Parvin told me to do it;"—he was instantly forgiven.

But the old doctor possessed a certain kind of tact, which prevented his making disagreeable requirements; and, besides, the girls had only to whisper their solicitations in his ear, if they wished to be excused from any particular duty. These requests were always attended to, he judging, of course, whether the pretty solicitor was in earnest. For instance, if Mary Williams begged him not to tell anybody to kiss her, he would look her full in the face, and say, "You do n't mean so, do you? You would n't have any objection to Thomas?" If she said decidedly "Yes, I would, sir; I don't want anybody to kiss me"—he would faithfully remember it. But if she laughed, and sidled, and blushed, and only said, "O, Doctor, you are too bad," and then ran away, he was sure to put Thomas on the look-out for a good chance.

And then old Mrs. Parvin—she was such a dear, kind old lady, who could help loving her? She entered so heartily into the enjoyments of the young people, and helped them so nicely out of the doctor's scrapes, and always coaxed the doctor off to bed so exactly at the right time,—it was hard to say which was the greater favorite. And she made such delightful cake, and puddings, and pies, and such "famous" egg-nogg!

Yet all agreed it was a thousand pities that the dear old doctor was drinking himself into his grave; and they saw with concern that his limbs were nearly useless, and that he was getting worse and worse every day. To be sure, drinking never made him cross, it only made him funny; but it was very sad to think, that, at the rate he was going on, he must inevitably, and soon, too, lie down in a drunkard's grave.

THE DOG-DAYS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"Hot—hot—all piping hot!"—*City Cries.*

HEAVEN help us all!—in these terrific days!
The burning sun upon the earth is pelting
With his directest, fiercest, hottest rays,
And everything is melting!

Fat men, infatuate, fan the stagnant air,
In rash essay to cool their inward glowing,
While with each stroke, in dolorous despair,
They feel the fervor growing!

The lean and lathy find a fate as hard,
For, all a-dry, they burn like any tinder,
Beneath the solar blaze, 'till wither'd, charr'd,
And crisped away to cinder!

The dogs lie lolling in the deepest shade,
The pigs are all a-wallow in the gutters,
And not a household creature—cat or maid—
But querulously mutters!

E'en stoics now are in "the melting mood,"
And vestal cheeks are most unseemly florid,

The very zone that girds the primest prude
Is now intensely torrid!

"'T is dreadful, dreadful hot!" exclaims each one
Unto his sweating, sweltering, roasting neighbor,
Then mops his brow, and pants, as he had done
A quite herculean labor!

And friends who pass each other in the street,
Say no "good-morrows," when they come together,
But only mutter, if they chance to meet,
"What horrid, horrid weather!"

While prudent mortals curb with strictest care
All vagrant curs—it seems the queerest puzzle,
The Dog-Star rages, rabid, through the air,
Without the slightest muzzle!

But Jove is wise and equal in his sway,
Howe'er it seems to clash with human reason,
His fiery dogs will soon have had their day,
And men shall have a season!

HUMBLE GREATNESS.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

O TELL me not thou hast no power to bless;
Poor, weak, or humble, thou hast yet a breast
Where blameless Love can build her downy nest,
And thy large heart its little kindnesses
May shower upon the children of distress,
As the great sky sheds dew. Of love possess'd,
Thou hast a wealth no robber arm can wrest,
A strength that banded foes can make no less.
Well may such greatness scorn the tinsel show
Of prouder charities, whose trumpet voice
Claims praise of men, and well its silent flow
With freshness make the desert heart rejoice;
True Love, though all-pervading like the air,
Yet breathes unseen its blessings everywhere!

What though thy offering seem of little worth,
It is the heart which magnifies the gift,
And the one mite, love-lent, shall more uplift
The soul of sorrow, than the wealth of earth
Bestowed in lavish pride. Deeds small at birth
Grow mighty and gigantic in the thrift
Of Love's strict training, as, in Nature's state,

The small is ever father of the great.

A thousand rills rush in the rushing creek,
A thousand brooks have swell'd the tameless river,
And in the billows of the ocean speak
The multitude of waters; thus forever,
From the dim speck to worlds that round us roll,
The infant Little sires th' infinite Whole!

Little by little, in the eternal rock,
Congealing sunbeams form the diamond's spark—
Little by little, summer's drops unlock
The rooted avalanche, and the vanquished dark,
Flies tiniest rays, which, bonded, terror-shock
Grim midnight, but make glad the morning lark.
So may thy heart, with its perpetual gush
Of sunny brightness, nurse its gem-like love
A dower for kingliest bosoms,—so remove
With dewy pity, the cold weights which crush
Lone hearts, and from its many rays bid rush
Their wintry midnight, while their hearts once more,
Happy as earth in morning's earliest light,
Like the blithe lark, their songs of gladness pour.



PHEBE WARNER.

BY ELIZABETH T. HERBERT.

"There is so much of good among the worst, so much of evil in the best,
Such seeming partialities in Providence, so many things to lessen and expand,—
Yea, and with all man's boast,—so little real freedom of his will.
That to look a little lower than the surface, garb, or dialect, or fashion,
Thou shalt fully pronounce for a saint, and faintly condemn for a sinner."

Proverbial Philosophy.

Poor Phebe Warner! well was it for thy loving mother, that she passed away with the summer flowers: for had Death relented, poverty as inexorable would have severed the tender vine from the support it so much needed. Poor Phebe Warner! well was it that a mother's broken heart added no bitterness to thy prison thoughts.

The poor man's blessing had been liberally showered on Simon Warner, for Phebe was the last and only remaining one of ten. Fortunately their little feet had been removed from the rough path of life before they were weary and torn.

"Surely, wife," Simon would often say, "it is unwise to spend your strength at the wash-tub alone, when Phebe is able, and so willing to assist you." "Wait, Simon, till the cough leaves the child; it sounds so hollow, that I can't help thinking of little Tommy, the darling child." "Well, Amy, if the girl does n't think herself a lady by that time, I shall be glad." But spite of these fears, it was so handy for the fond father to bring the pail of water, or the log of wood, and to save the weakly child; and so Phebe grew up, as absorbing an object of interest in her poor home,

as the heir of a throne, surrounded by all the magnificence of a palace. But, though poor, her home was not comfortless. Poverty in the country and city are not identical. The rickety hovel, with its vine-curtained windows, and its little patch of green before the door, the pure, bracing air, the glorious sunshine, and, in sickness or sorrow, neighborly care and sympathy, contrast strikingly with the dark, clammy, subterranean dwelling, from which zephyr and sunbeam are forever exiled, and into which sickness and death come unheeded.

When seventeen, Phebe's novitiate in sorrow commenced by the death of her father. The neighbors had long talked of Mrs. Warner's ill looks, and speculated on the chances of her weathering out the next March; but Simon was so hale and strong, and able to cope with disease if it should attack him, that no one dreamed of his being conquered; but before the period fixed upon for Amy's death, both had passed away, and Phebe became that most desolate of beings—an orphan.

A few months before Warner's death, Lucy Lit-

tle, Phebe's dearest friend, had gone to the city to seek employment at book-stitching. She had written home, and expressed much satisfaction at her prospects. And as there was nothing now to attach the girl to her native village, she determined to seek her fortune with her former friend.

Her humble arrangements were soon made, and with tearful eyes, and a heart full of misgivings, the young adventurer left her quiet home. When within a few miles of the great city, she seated herself beside a plain, modest-looking woman, with two small children. "What part of the city are you going to?" she inquired, really frightened to find herself addressing a stranger. "I'm not going to the city at all, miss, I'm going to stop at the next landing. Be you travelling all alone?" "Yes. I never was in the city before, and I'm afraid we shall get in very late." "It's a scary place for them that does n't know their way, miss, I tell you; and it's very unsafe to be asking your way of strangers."

A vague feeling of apprehension came over the girl's mind, and she made another effort to secure a guide, just before the boat touched the wharf. "Do you know anybody by the name of Smith, ma'am?" she inquired timidly of a fashionably-dressed young female. "Smith?" repeated the lady, with a smile; and the gentleman who was with her laughed outright. "Smith! do you mean John or James?" "Neither, ma'am; I mean Mrs. Pandory Smith." "No, I do not," she answered, very politely, and walked off. What was the plain, countryfied-looking girl to her?

It was dark when the boat stopped at the crowded wharf. In one corner sat the girl, with her little bundle in her hand, watching the grand folks, as they seemed to her, followed by servants loaded with baggage, and rolling off in carriages; and a feeling of loneliness, such as she had never experienced in the solitude of the country, oppressed her. On returning to the boat, after escorting the last group of passengers on shore, the captain perceived her. "Why, girl, who are you waiting for?" he asked, in a loud tone. "Nobody, sir; but I do n't know the way about the city, and it's dark, and I do n't know just what to do. Perhaps you could tell me, sir, where Nineteenth-street is; and may be you know Mrs. Pandory Smith?" "Oh! that's it, is it? Well, wait a few minutes, and I'll show you the way myself." And the rough, but kind-hearted old sailor, took her under his protection. And, after threading labyrinth after labyrinth in attempting a search, to which the seeking for a needle in a haystack would have been trifling, he actually left her at Pandora's box, relieved, and grateful beyond measure. Her friend Lucy, who boarded at Mrs. Smith's, was overjoyed, and promised to take her

the next day to Mr. Fuller's factory, where she would get work immediately.

A trying day was the next one to the young stranger, for, except at church, she had never seen so many people together; and, as they gazed, her cheeks became redder and redder, and her heart beat too quick a step for her trembling limbs to follow.

A week after that exciting day, she marvelled at the excess of her emotion, for there were several kind faces which had learned to welcome her with a smile.

For her first week's work, she earned only \$1.50, but untiring industry and perseverance succeeded in gaining her an increase of wages. Several months passed, the girls becoming every day more attached, as they pursued together their unvarying toil. At length, Lucy was summoned to her sick mother, and Phebe was obliged to take her daily walks to the factory alone. In consequence of a great pressure of work, previous to the holidays, her wages had been again raised, and she probably felt much richer than the mercantile speculator when he has made a lucky hit, for she dreamed of no possible contingency to diminish her large income. However, a very common contingency did occur: work became slack. None but a few of the most skilful and longest employed were retained, and Phebe was of course discharged. Mr. Fuller promised in two months to give her work: so with her disappointment and her hope she went to Mrs. Smith. "It was hard," she said, "these hard times, to be a findin people without regular pay; but as Phebe had always paid afore, she'd trust her if she'd help about house." The poor girl was delighted at such generosity, and immediately scrubbing, cooking, washing, ironing, interspersed with patching and darning, became her daily portion. Less favored than the three children in the seven times heated furnace, her clean, neat, tidy clothes, soon became victims to this unremitting drudgery, and the means were lacking to replace them. Still Phebe worked on cheerfully, grateful for a shelter and scanty sustenance, at any price that physical strength could pay. Only one thing weighed heavily on her spirits: while employed at the factory, having no time to wash her clothes, she had given them to a very poor woman, to whom she still owed a few shillings. She knew how necessary this small sum must be, as there were five mouths to be filled by the labor of two hands; and though one of these belonged to a sot, its claims were as imperative and as unceasing as any of the others. The two months of purgatorial suffering were nearly terminated, when the washerwoman called to see Phebe, and make known her starving condition. "For two or three days the poor things had had scarcely anything to eat; and if Pete would n't

do nothin but drink, she could n't bear to see him hungry, and not have a mouthful to give him. She had been out to git some money that she had earned, but she had n't got a cent, and she felt a good mind to throw herself into the dock, and not go home again." What comfort could Phebe give? She was also centless. Her sympathy she could only prove by a plentiful shower of tears, and a promise, that before she slept that night, something should be done to relieve her present suffering. When alone, how to fulfil this promise occupied every thought. She knew Mrs. Smith too well to ask her advice or assistance. She could not appeal to her heart, for she had long doubted her possessing one. She knew where the money was kept, and it would be so easy to take a few shillings, and replace them when she had work. Older heads have been misled by similar sophistries in a less noble cause. Early principles, however, were too strong to be conquered at the first attack; but another, in a more insidious form, succeeded.

It was Phebe's duty to make all the bread that was used in the house. As she was this evening kneading the dough, a lucky thought, as it seemed to her, crossed her mind. She would take some of the flour to the poor starving children. She was sure Mrs. Smith would never miss it; and every grain of it should be returned. Was there not some plausibility in the arguments which presented themselves to the girl's mind? The poor woman and her family were suffering for the money which she owed; the means for their relief were in her hands, and no one could be injured by her using them. Would she not be culpable to hesitate? Besides, she had been laboring for Mrs. Smith to the utmost of her ability, and often beyond her strength, with no remuneration but the scantiest fare, so grudgingly bestowed, that it was often moistened with tears. Was it not excusable then, she asked herself, to borrow, without asking what she knew would be refused, but what she would so very soon be able to repay? Without justifying in any degree the principle of doing a small evil, with the intention of producing a large good, it does not seem strange to our wide experience and profound wisdom, that one without experience, or counsellor, should thus reason. So when she had covered up her dough, and put it away to rise, that it might be baked the next morning before light, she took a small quantity of flour out of the box, which her nicely-calculating mistress filled from the barrel for the week's consumption, and putting on her bonnet, ran out of the house, as she thought, unperceived. Unfortunately, one of the children, peering about, saw the bundle made up, and another saw a bundle of the same description taken out of the house.

Never was angel welcomed with more joy than

the young transgressor by the famished family. "You could n't brought nothin better, Miss Phebe, for I've got some drippens that Mrs. Siller saves for me every week, to put on our bread, when we've got any, 'stead of butter, and I'll rub it into the flour and make a nice short-cake." "And where will you bake it?" asked Phebe, looking round the room, where the temperature was only kept above the freezing point by a few chips which blazed upon the hearth. "Oh, I've got some charcoal Mrs. Flanagan what lives down in the cellar give me. A lady sent her a barrel full, and she said the fire would n't warm her if she did n't share it with the neighbors. Oh! she's a rare noble soul, Miss Phebe, though she is Irish, and shames many of us natives what's got more larnin, and better religion." "How strange!" exclaimed Phebe, "I always thought the priest told them to burn their bibles, and to do as they told them: may be she's been converted since she came over?" "No, indeed, Miss Phebe," replied the washerwoman, busying herself about the nice short-cake—"for I see her last night kneelin down, and prayin with a great string of beads in her hand, I spose it's an idol, as Mr. Kasper says the Romans is no better than idolaters." "Strange indeed," said the girl, as she rose, and taking leave of the family, bent her steps homeward, listening to inward communings. "Rejoice," said Benevolence, "that thou hast been enabled to feed the hungry; for this, thy sleep shall be sweet and thy dreams pleasant." "With what was not thine own, hast thou fed the hungry," whispered a small still voice. "The law written on thy heart thou hast broken, hope not for sweet sleep or pleasant dreams."

When the bewildered girl reached the door, Mrs. Smith met her. "Well, child, you've been out, hey?" "Yes, ma'am, not far." "Not far? may be you think that will be enough for me to know, but you're desputly mistaken if you do, for I won't have nobody in my house that do n't choose to tell where they've been, and what they've been doing. Pretty fine, to have my house as you may say a bar-room for all the loafers in town to come in and out jist as they please. No, no, girl, 't won't do at all. Where have you been, I say?" "I have only been to Mrs. Loder's, ma'am." And Phebe's lips quivered, and her cheeks became crimson. "Only to Mrs. Loder's, hey? and what did you take with you to Mrs. Loder's, you deceitful baggage?" The crimson of the girl's cheeks gave place to an ashy paleness—her limbs trembled, and she would have fallen, had she not supported herself against the wall. She opened her mouth, but the words she strove to utter seemed suddenly paralyzed. "Oh, you need n't tell me, I knows all, you stole my flour, and took it away and sold it." Phebe tried to speak—"Oh you need n't say a word about it, I knows all, and

I've got two witnesses to appear against you, and I'll have you took right off to the Tombs; yes, right straight off. Oh you need n't think to move me"—for the poor girl had fallen on her knees, and clinging to her persecutor in incoherent words, besought her to hear what she had to say. "Only one hour, Mrs. Smith—one hour, and I'll tell all—and I'll bring Mrs. Loder—I did n't mean to steal the flour—indeed, indeed I did n't." "You did n't, hey? No, I'spect not—but get up and don't pull my dress so. I raly bleve the hussy has tore it aready." And she gave herself so sudden a flounce, that the girl fell on the floor. "That's right, lay there till I send to the purlice, and get you took away to a more suitabler place, where you won't be contaminatin the innocent, but be with the likes of yourself." There she did lie, until the officer of *justice* came, for the fall and the abuse had stunned her, and some minutes elapsed before she was sufficiently recovered to be carried off. She saw that it was useless to speak in the presence of her accuser, but when in the street she made an appeal to the man's heart, by a simple recital of her story, it was impossible to resist the conviction that every word she uttered was true; and when she took his hand, and looked into his face so confidently with the words—"I have no father, nor mother, nor friend, won't you stand my friend, and save me from being put into a dark dungeon? I have n't a cent to give you, but if you 'll only take me home with you to night!"—He was melted as none would imagine it possible a man of such stern employment could be. "I cannot do that, my poor child, but you need not be afraid of a dark dungeon—I 'll see to that." Many can recall—who can ever forget—the sensation produced by their first visit to a prison, whether from motives of benevolence or curiosity? Pity—grief—shame—disgust—despair.

What then must be the horror of a first admission as a convict?

The unfortunate girl trembled so violently when the outer door was opened, that the officer was obliged to lift her up stairs. There they were met by the kind matron, who at a glance perceived that ordinary treatment would not suit this case: so instead of putting her with the prisoners, she led her into her own room, a very neat, comfortable apartment, well furnished, and containing two beds.

"Don't take on so, poor child"—for Phebe's tears were falling fast. "Don't fret, you shall stay with me to-night, and if any thing can be done for you to-morrow, it shall be. You don't look as if you had done anything very wicked."

The good woman was soon in possession of Phebe's sad story, and her heart opened to the

friendless orphan with all a mother's freedom and tenderness.

The next day, at an early hour, Mrs. Smith was at the prison, and at sight of her victim's comfortable quarters, became a perfect volcano of rage: thief, hypocrite, liar, were the mere ashes from the eruption. Before Phebe had recovered from the effects of this tremendous outburst, an angel of mercy came to her relief. She assured her that her fears were groundless—that she would see the judge and her accuser, and that she hoped the business might be arranged without a trial. Language cannot describe the gratitude which these words inspired.

"Heaven will reward you," said Phebe sobbing. "I have nothing to give you, and I have no friends to pay you; and though my heart is so full of thanks, I cannot tell you how it feels." "Never mind that, my poor girl; I want neither thanks nor money, and am grateful to Heaven for sending me to serve you."

This angel, who was no other than a kind-hearted woman, whose judicious advice, valuable instruction, and heavenly consolation, sometimes fell on that moral wilderness like genial showers on the thirsty earth—ofttimes like dew upon the flinty rock—fulfilled her promise, and even went to the factory in which Phebe had been employed. There she received the most satisfactory accounts, Mr. Fuller assuring her that he had perfect confidence in the girl's honesty, and was ready to employ her again.

On receiving the price of the flour, the cruel Mrs. Smith agreed to give up the suit, and the homeless girl was allowed to leave the living grave which she had entered with such horror. But where should she go? was a question which turned to ice the fountain of joy that gushed up in her heart. The answer was soon given by a motherly invitation from her kind friend. "Come, you must go home with me, and to-morrow we will see what can be done." And Phebe left the place of dread and suffering, with a depth of experience that years of quiet rural life would never have given.

The next day a letter was addressed to one in her native village, who had always known her, which resulted in a request that she would leave the city and its temptations, and come to those who had known and respected her parents.

Blessings on the kind hearts that greet with a double portion of warmth the tempted and the erring, and raise with a sister's love, and trust, the fallen and the crushed! Ye shall not tarry for your reward till the oath be taken—that time shall be no more.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

BY MRS. JANE C. CAMPBELL.

And must he die? Oh God! is this Thy will?
Shall my young darling leave his mother's breast,
Where late he nestled, and lie mute, and chill,—
Nor smile again on her his gladness blest?

What! list his tiny footfall on the floor,
And think to hear his laugh of silvery tone,
Turn me to gaze—to clasp my child once more—
Then *feel*, my boy, my hope, my life, was gone?

My fair young blossom! will not death yet spare
Thy angel sweetness to a mother's love?
Shall I no more throw back the sunny hair
From thy pure brow—nor see those dear lips move?

Thine eyes of heaven's own blue, which shone so mild,
Now light with joy, now dim with childish grief,
Thy half-formed words—my loved—mine *only* child—
Must all be lost? God! is there no relief?

Ah! never more at eve, with holy hymn,
Shall doating mother sing thee to thy rest,
And fondly watch, while steals the twilight dim,
Thy baby-beauty sleeping on her breast!

The infant prayer thy lisping voice has breathed,
When bending down beside thy parent's knee,
Thy twining arms with clinging fondness wreathed
About my neck—thy kisses lavished free—

Thy playthings, love—thy empty bed—the chair
In which I gently placed thee by my side—
Oh, when will memory slumber—time repair
My ruined hopes, when thou art crushed, my pride?

My child—my child—can nought my anguish lull?
Mightiest! support me—let Thy will be done;
My breaking heart—oh God! my cup is full—
My boy is dead—my loved—mine *only* one!

TO A LOCK OF HAIR.

BY C. M.

PRETTY ringlet! how I love thee!
How I love thee, glossy curl!
Dearer thou than gold or ruby—
Dearer thou than precious pearl.

Ah! to me thou art as holy,
As to Moslem Mecca's shrine;
To my heart and lips I press thee
Daily, as a thing divine.

Once ye floated—floated wildly,
O'er the brow of her I love,
Zephyrs fann'd thee, gently, mildly,
Zephyrs born of Heaven above!

Other tresses played around thee,
Each as beautiful as thou;
With them, oft gay ribbons bound thee,
Tied by hands far from thee now.

Those dear hands in mine did press thee,
When we parted, as a token!
Bade me think who once possessed thee,
And preserve my vows unbroken.

The moon look'd down upon us mildly,
When I took thee, wet with tears;
One kiss exchanged, there wildly—wildly
Tore myself away for years.

Thus, sweet ringlet, thou art, solely,
All I now possess of her;
I *can* but think of thee, as holy—
I *can* but be thy worshipper.

Pretty ringlet! how I love thee!
How I love thee, glossy curl!
Dearer thou than gold or ruby—
Dearer thou than precious pearl.

THE GLAD RETREAT.—A BALLAD.

Words by E. G. Squier.-----Music composed by George R. Poulton.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo/mood is marked "Sprightly." The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Be - neath an elm, a green old elm, I raised a rus - tic in for seat; The boughs low bend - ing o'er my head, The green grass at my colla parte". The piano part includes chords and arpeggiated figures. The vocal line is a melody with some grace notes. The score ends with a "colla parte" instruction for the piano.

Sprightly.

Be - neath an elm, a green old elm, I raised a rus - tic

in for

seat; The boughs low bend - ing o'er my head, The green grass at my

colla parte

feet. A lit-tle streamlet dancing by, With voice so clear and sweet; The

playful

cor

air spirits' low and mourn-ful sigh, Oh! 'twas a glad re treat.

pia

Scherz.

II.

And at the sultry hour of noon,
 I'd seek the cooling shade,
 And listen to the murmuring sound
 That little streamlet made.
 And watched the bright birds glancing through
 The branches, old and young,
 And wondered as they gaily flew,
 What song it was they sung.

III.

But time has passed, those days are gone—
 Ay, more, long years have fled—
 And lying o'er that little brook,
 A withered trunk and dead.
 But memory often wanders back,
 On fancy's pinions free—
 I'll ne'er forget the rustic seat,
 Beneath the old elm tree!

"LIFE IS SWEET."

BY MISS CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

It was a summer's morning. I was awakened by the rushing of a distant engine, bearing along a tide of men to their busy day in a great city. Cool sea-breezes stole through the pine-trees embowering my dwelling; the aromatic pines breathed out their reedy music; the humming-bird was fluttering over the honeysuckle at my window; the grass glittered with dew-drops. A maiden was coming from the dairy across the lawn, with a silver mug of new milk in her hand; by the other hand she led a child. The young woman was in the full beauty of ripened and perfect womanhood. Her step was elastic and vigorous; moderate labor had developed without impairing her fine person. Her face beamed with intelligent life, conscious power, calm dignity, and sweet temper. "How sweet is life to this girl!" I thought, as, respected and respecting, she sustains her place in domestic life, distilling her pure influences into the little creature she holds by the hand! And how sweet then was life to that child! Her little form was so erect and strong—so firmly knit to outward life—her step so free and joyous!—her fair, bright hair, so bright, that it seemed as if a sunbeam came from it: it lay parted on that brow, where an infinite capacity had set its seal. And that spiritual eye—so quickly perceiving—so eagerly exploring! and those sweet red lips—love and laughter, and beauty are there. Now she snatches a tuft of flowers from the grass—now she springs to meet her playmate, the young, frisky dog—and now she is shouting playfully: he has knocked her over, and they are rolling on the turf together!

Before three months passed away, she had lain down the beautiful garments of her mortality: she had entered the gates of immortal life; and those who followed her to its threshold, felt that, to the end, and in the end, her ministry had been most sweet. "Life is sweet" to the young, with their unfathomable hopes—their unlimited imaginings. It is sweeter still with the varied realization. Heaven has provided the ever-changing loveliness and mysterious process of the outward world in the inspirations of art—in the excitement of magnanimous deeds—in the close knitting of affections—in the joys of the mother—the toils and harvest of the father—in the countless blessings of hallowed domestic life.

"Life is sweet" to the seeker of wisdom, and to the lover of science; and all progress and each discovery is a joy to them.

"Life is sweet" to the true lovers of their race; and the unknown and unpraised good they do by word, or look, or deed, is joy ineffable.

But not alone to the wise, to the learned, to the young, to the healthful, to the gifted, to the happy, to the vigorous doer of good,—is life sweet: for the patient sufferer it has a divine sweetness.

"What," I asked a friend, who had been on a delicious country excursion, "did you see that best pleased you?"

My friend has cultivated her love of moral, more than her perception of physical beauty, and I was not surprised when, after replying, with a smile, that she would tell me honestly, she went on to say: "My cousin took me to see a man who had been a clergyman in the Methodist connection. He had suffered from a nervous rheumatism, and from a complication of diseases, aggravated by ignorant drugging. Every muscle in his body, excepting those which move his eyes and tongue, is paralyzed. His body has become as rigid as iron. His limbs have lost the human form. He has not been lain on a bed for seven years. He suffers acute pain. He has invented a chair which affords him some alleviation. His feelings are fresh and kindly, and his mind is unimpaired. He reads constantly. His book is fixed in a frame before him, and he manages to turn the leaves by an instrument which he moves with his tongue. He has an income of thirty dollars! This pittance, by the vigilant economy of his wife, and some aid from kind rustic neighbors, bring the year round. His wife is the most gentle, patient, and devoted of loving nurses. She never has too much to do, to do all well; no wish or thought goes beyond the unvarying circle of her conjugal duty. Her love is as abounding as his wants—her cheerfulness as sure as the rising of the sun. She has not for years slept two hours consecutively.

"I did not know which most to reverence, his patience or hers! and so I said to them. 'Ah!' said the good man, with a most serene smile, 'life is still sweet to me; how can it but be so with such a wife?'"

And surely life is sweet to her, who feels every hour of the day the truth of this gracious acknowledgment.

Oh, ye, who live amidst alternate sunshine and showers of plenty, to whom night brings sleep and daylight freshness—ye murmurers and complainers who fret in the harness of life till it gall you to the bone—who recoil at the lightest burden, and shrink from a passing cloud,—consider the magnanimous sufferer my friend described, and learn the divine art that can distil sweetness from the bitterest cup!

MY FIRST GRAY HAIR.

BY MOTHER EVE.

As the desolate and miserable seek their only enjoyment in past scenes, when home was happy, friends many, and loving, so the old and withered, without hope for the future, or enjoyment in the present, live again in old haunts, become dwellers among the gay, the brilliant, the beautiful; their old companions come up from the grave-yards, arrayed not in the vestments of the grave, but brilliant with warm life and happiness, from almshouses, from garrets and cellars, and a few, may be, from the profuse and luxurious homes of the rich: whatever their present station, all are, for the time, equal. Just so, Mother Eve lives in the past; and with her gray hairs, palsied form, and tottering steps, gives you her reminiscences; a few, gay and happy; but many tinged, like her own heart and soul, with the dark threads woven in her web of life.

It was years ago, when the first gray hair came to greet companions, black as night, and to sadden for a few moments the heart of a young and happy girl, whose only beauty was her hair. Wrathful was the countenance, impatient and hurried the gesture, that transferred it from the head to the flames. Why did Time lay his snowy fingers upon the head, while the heart was untouched by frost, unchilled by ice, and the warm life-current rushing with resistless force upon its way? Did he come with his melancholy warning, light and gentle at first, to remind the young heart of the time when happiness would dwell only in the past—when the silver chord of affection would be loosened—when thoughts, passions, feelings, would make themselves a pyre, on which to consume the heart?

As I sit before my dressing-glass, and let the silver shower fall upon my shoulders, I mind me of the time when the first silver thread appeared,

joined, by and by, by another, and then by another. I was happy, joyous, gay; Sorrow had passed me by, Care stood aloof—even dove-eyed Melancholy shrank from my merry laugh: but the single thread, frosty and crisp, rested as a coming shadow upon my soul, undefined, but felt; like an omen, a mysterious sympathy that united my fate with the growing ill. The *shadow* was there, although at first but a speck upon the sunny horizon—anon it was a fearful cloud, blasting, destroying, annihilating.

I stood arrayed as a bride; the gossamer veil rested upon changing tresses, fever burned the brow, but ice touched the heart; while at the altar, lightnings flash, the sullen roar of the distant thunder is heard, and a strange terror freezes my vitals. By one heavy bolt husband and friends are swept away. The serpent lightning twines and wreaths itself about hearts a few moments before instinct with life and happiness. Unharméd, unsupported, I stood; all had gone, no Future was before me—no Present, with its delusions and fancies—but the inevitable, the irresistible, the horrible Past, like a vulture, had its claws upon my heart; dreading the morrow and its misery, yet longing for its approach, as bringing me one day nearer to a port of peace and rest. Soon the dark and troubled waves of the ocean of Death will sweep over a heart broken and crushed by despair. Affections blighted, feelings seared—a sad reality to the early shadowing of a life that might have been brilliant and happy. Surely, life pours forth for some her bitterest cup: in drinking it we are cursed, in the remembrance doubly so—

"Thoughts of the past we would, but cannot banish,
As if to show how impotent mere will.
We loathe the pang, and yet must suffer still,
For who is there, can say he will forget?"

TO THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

A Sonnet.

BY EUGENE LIÉS.

Thrice thou hast stooped from thy ethereal flight,
Young king of air! though fledged but yesterday,
Thrice hast thou dyed thy talons in the fray,
And thrice arisen stronger from the fight.
Now thou art gorged with glory and with prey,
Wilt rest thyself in consciousness of might?
Or whet thy beak, with keener appetite,

And thirst of blood, which blood can ne'er allay?
Thou that might'st scale the loftiest azure sky,
Why haunt the battle field, and feast on gore?
If such thy instinct—such thy destiny—
Then shall the earth have hoped in vain once more;
And, for thy love of war, shall Freedom die,
As on the Seine's and Tiber's banks, of yore.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

MODERN PAINTERS. By a Graduate of Oxford. Part II.
New-York: John Wiley.

No work on the abstract principles of art ever attained such a general popularity as this. The first part, which appeared about a year ago, had a very large sale in this country, and was eagerly read by many from whom sympathy with the subject would not have been expected. Barring its indiscriminate and wholesale laudation of Turner and some mannerisms, as we might call them, of style and theory, the book contains a great deal that is just, and some things that are original. The author's feeling for nature is true and enthusiastic; hence his descriptions of scenery or Turner's landscapes has nearly the exquisite light, shadow, and coloring of the originals. In this second part, the chapters on *Vital Beauty* and on the *Imaginative Faculty* are of especial interest and value.

THE DYING ROBIN, AND OTHER TALES. By Joseph Alden, D.D. *New-York*: Harper & Brothers.

This is another of those beautiful story books for children, which are becoming so plenty. The stories are short, simple, and convey some good lessons, drawn evidently from nature, and which will therefore come home to many of the little readers who spell their way through its pages.

LIFE OF CROMWELL. By J. T. Headley. *New-York*: Baker & Scribner.

This is the first life of Cromwell written by an American, and perhaps the most complete of any which has yet been written. Carlyle's work came nearest, in our opinion, to giving a fair and impartial picture of the stern old Protector and his stern times, but as a biography it is unsatisfactory. Mr. Headley comes to the task well qualified by experience in this style of personal history. The errors of style into which he was often led by haste or the impatient glow of description, in his former works, are almost entirely avoided in this. The language is clear, compact, and very graphic. The descriptions of the battles of Naseby and Dunbar, are admirable specimens of *dioramic* writing. The character of Cromwell is exhibited in its most favorable light, though always with a proper regard to the times in which he lived. We are not sure but that some of his faults have been passed over too lightly, but be that as it may, we have to thank Mr. Headley for a most readable and entertaining book.

MARY GROVER, OR THE TRUSTING WIFE. By Charles Burdett. *New-York*: Harper & Brothers.

A well-told temperance story, written with considerable spirit and vigor. It is very neatly got up, and appropriately dedicated to Ex-Mayor Harper.

ELIZA ATWOOD. By E. Oaxley. *New-York*: S. Raynor.
A short, moral story.

A FIRST BOOK IN SPANISH. By Joseph Salkeld, A.M. *New-York*: Harper & Brothers.

It is somewhat singular that the Spanish language, spoken to such an extent on the American continent, and so easy of acquisition to those whose mother-tongue is English, should not have received a greater degree of attention. Its sound is lofty, sonorous, and capable of more majesty of expression than the Italian, while the treasures of its literature possess a distinct and peculiar character. With the exception of the works of Gavarini and Sannazaro, the purest pastoral epics of modern times have

been written by Spanish authors; and who is not acquainted with the *Chronicles of the Cid*, and the *Legends of the Alhambra*? Mr. Salkeld's work is excellently arranged. The construction of the Spanish, simple in itself, is explained quite as simply; the directions for pronunciation are very clear and explicit; while the vocabulary attached with the exercises in writing and translating, make this book all that is required as an introduction to the study of the language.

LETTERS FROM ITALY—THE ALPS AND THE RHINE. New Edition. By J. T. Headley. *New-York*: Baker & Scribner.

These letters of Mr. Headley are so well-known, and have been stamped with such a widely-extended popularity, that a particular criticism of their style and character is unnecessary at our hands. We cannot, however, refrain from testifying to the fidelity and spirit of their descriptions. The writer of this notice is familiar with nearly all of the ground over which Mr. Headley conducts his readers, and he had never had its peculiar features more pleasantly called to mind. Persons visiting Europe would find this volume an admirable companion and guide.

HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. *New-York*: Harper & Brothers.

Bulwer's penchant for the horrible, has apparently exhausted itself in his novel of "*Lucretia*;" and we accordingly find in this work a return to his former dignity of style. "*Harold*" ranks higher in our opinion, than the "*Last of the Barons*." The historical delusion is kept up with greater care, and the interest is carried on, without flagging to the end. It gives us glorious glimpses of the life of the sturdy old Saxons and fiery Normans; and as a bold, vigorous and glowing picture of England in the 11th century, is most welcome—which is more than we could say of some of Bulwer's works.

THE PEASANT AND HIS LANDLORD. By the Baroness Knorring. Translated by Mary Howitt. *New-York*: Harper & Brothers.

The name of Mary Howitt as a translator is a sufficient token of the character of these volumes, but let no one be contented to take it for granted, without looking into them himself. Their descriptions of life in the North, are very well drawn; and the strong moral interest which is connected with the story, gives it a deeper and more serious importance than would be given to an amusing fiction, alone.

THE PLAYMATE: A PLEASANT COMPANION FOR SPARE HOURS. Nos. 11 and 12. *New-York*: Berford & Co.

This is the very thing for the juveniles, full of pleasant stories and spirited pictures. Many of the German and French peasant legends are remarkably well told and illustrated.

THE ODD FELLOWS' AMULET.—Wm. H. Graham has sent us a copy of this work. It has been already noticed in our July number.

MORE BOOKS.—Our table is covered with a number of volumes, from Harper & Brothers, Leavitt, Trow & Co., Burgess & Stringer, and others. The space we have given to our multitudinous contributors this month obliges us to postpone many notices until September, when we shall try to do justice to all.



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ductions of the literary garden. It may be truly said, that it is *the gem* of modern literature. It is always looked for with interest, and read with increased delight. Indeed, the brilliant array of talent employed upon it must needs give earnest of its excellence; and we point to it in another column with a degree of confidence and satisfaction felt only by those who have had the pleasure of culling from the pages of the magazine the rarest specimens of intellectual labor.—*Independent Republican, Goshen, N. Y.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE FOR JULY.—The "Union" commences a new year with this number. We like it exceedingly. The Salutatory of the editor we commend to the notice of all who relish a good thing well said. He remarks: "The rough gales in which so many literary craft have been swamped at the outset of their voyages, failed to disturb our progress, and we can therefore safely promise that the flag of American periodical literature shall never be found 'Union down.'"

Indeed, the "Union" is under full sail, with a press of canvass—for her list of contributors we are sure will never allow the pilot to "give up the ship." We need but name a few who furnish articles for this month: Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Gould, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Kirkland, who gives a sketch written abroad, entitled "Sight Seeing in Europe;" Henry D. Thoreau, who furnishes "Ktaadn, and the Maine Woods," describing a wild, picturesque, and almost unexplored region of country; Geo. H. Curtis, J. Bayard Taylor, Woodworth, R. H. Stoddard, &c., &c. The July number has twelve illustrations, besides two pages of music. Jas. L. De Graw is the agent, 140 Nassau-street.—*The Evening Post, N. Y.*

THE UNION is an ever-welcome visitor, and always claims our earliest attention. The reading department is excellent, and the engravings are superior in character and execution to those usually presented by its cotemporaries and rivals.—*Ulster Republican, Kingston, N. Y.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE for June has given us its salutation with a countenance glowing with beauty, and richly laden with productions of purity and talent. It is edited by a lady truly possessing a fine, correct, and cultivated taste.—We most cordially give it our commendation.—*National Eagle, Claremont, N. H.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE for July contains *thirty* articles and *twelve* engravings. The former are various as to kind, embracing tales, sketches, essays, poetry, music, book notices, &c.; and, together with the embellishments, make this number indeed a "Union Magazine of Literature and Art."—*Sandwich Observer, Sandwich, Mass.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—We are in receipt of the June number of this elegant magazine. It contains two beautiful engravings—"The Guide," and "The Rescue." The reading matter of this periodical is always good. The present number contains an interesting article—"A Chapter on Hands"—from the pen of Mr. Tuckerman, which abounds with original and beautiful ideas.—*Tuscaloosa Observer, Tuscaloosa, Ala.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART.—In our regular monthly notices of new books we inadvertently omitted the Union Magazine, decidedly one of the handsomest and most interesting of the magazines. The typographical and artistic execution of this book is truly of a very superior order. The embellishments for this number are, "The Guide," "The Rescue," and a most beautiful plate of Fashion for June. Any of our readers who wish to subscribe for a good magazine, we heartily recommend them the Union Magazine. To speak in recommendation of its literary contents, it is not necessary to more than say that the book is under the editorial supervision of Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.—*Times and Journal, Williamsport, Md.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE, for July, is received. It opens with an interesting article from the editor, Mrs. Kirkland, entitled "Sight Seeing in Europe;" followed by "Recollections of my Last Visit to Niagara," by Miss Anne C. Lynch; "The Duel," by Mrs. C. H. Butler; "Southern Sketches," by Mrs. M. S. B. Dana; another delightful sketch by Geo. B. Curtis, entitled "Southern Italy; interspersed with poetical contributions, by Mrs. S. H. Whitman, Mrs. Sigourney, Miss H. F. Gould, Mrs. F. S. Osgood, Park Benjamin, and others. It is lavishly embellished with engravings and wood cuts, as usual; and commencing, as it does, a new volume, furnishes an excellent opportunity for the commencement of new subscriptions to the work.—*Daily Mercury, New Bedford, Mass.*

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DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHIONS.

PROMENADE DRESS.—Robe of light-blue taffeta, corsage high, and skirt perfectly plain; sleeves half-long, showing under-sleeve of muslin, and bordered with three narrow rushes of ribbon, of corresponding color. Hat of rice straw or light silk, ornamented with full puffs of ribbon on the side; glove and parasol.

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